

SPY

Attack of the 50 ft. Egos

Handicapping
the Oscars
Seinfeld-O-Matic

April 1995

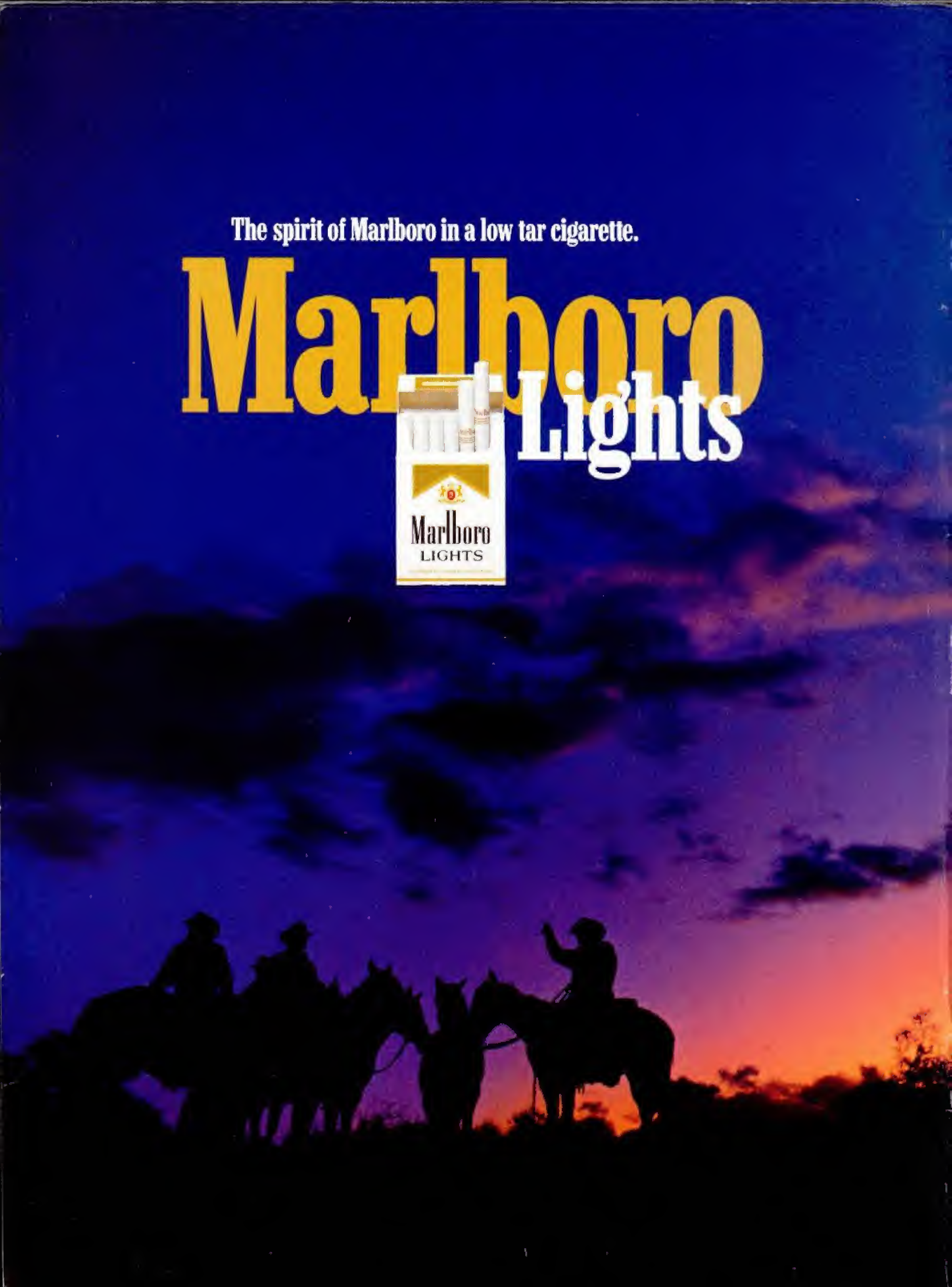
How Hollywood Trashes America

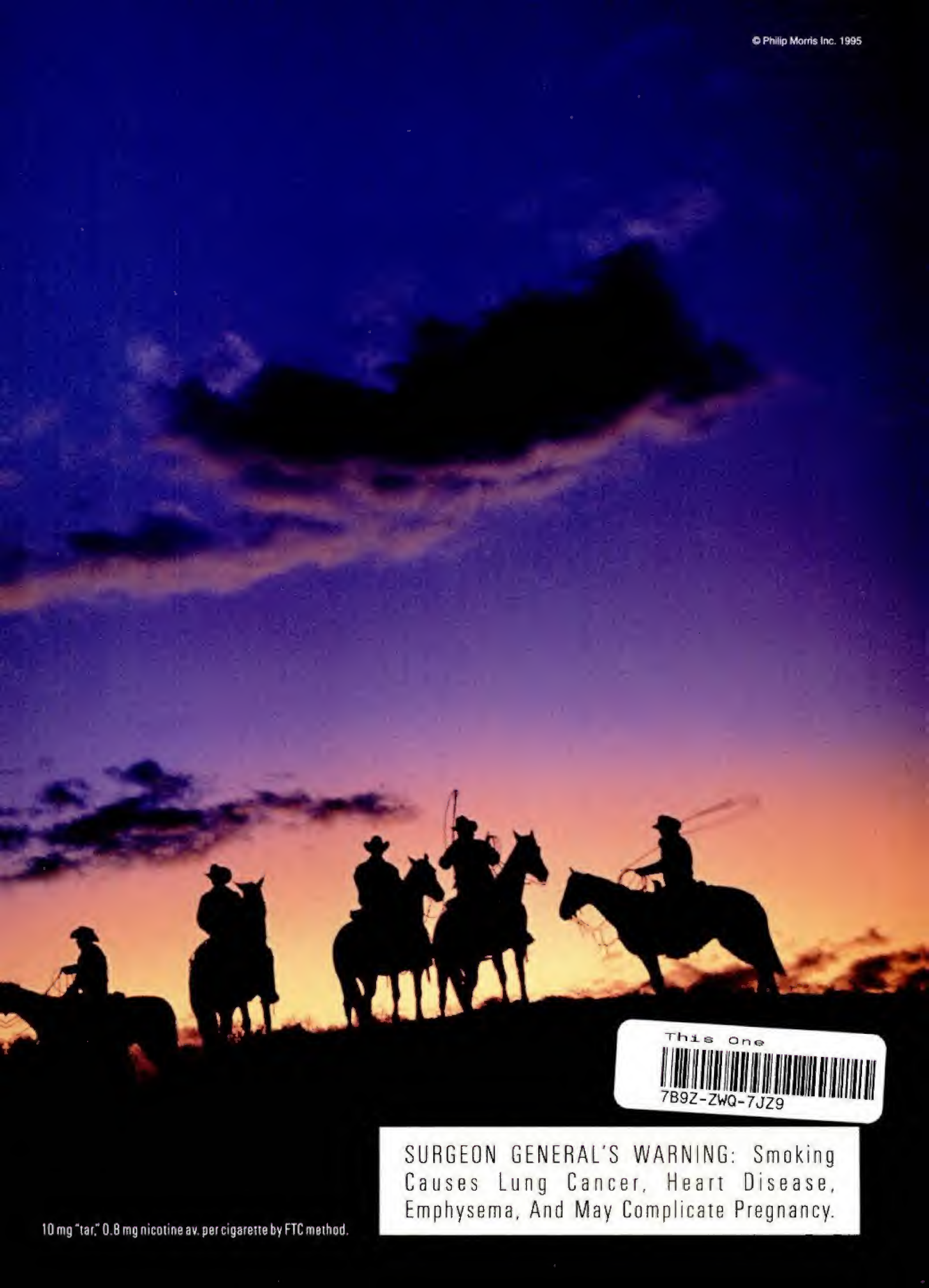


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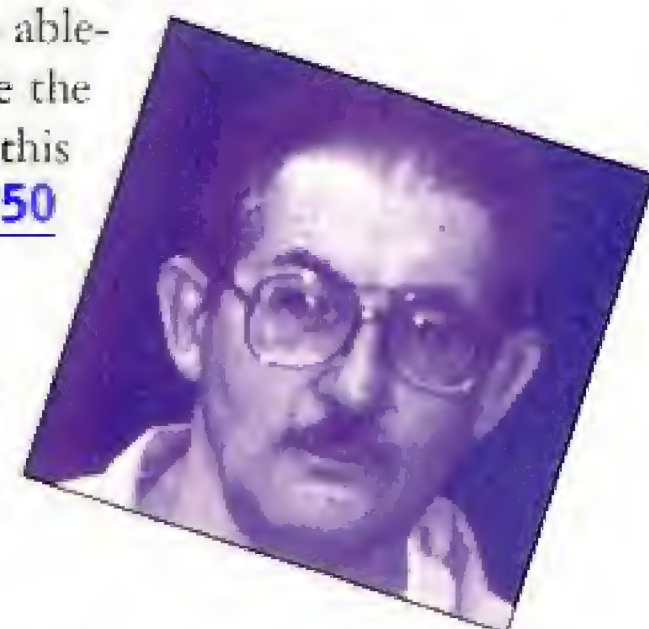
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Cover photo by Mario Ruiz; Photocomposition by Joe Herman; Styling by Clara Ronk; dress and scarf by Eric Gaskins; jewelry by Erickson Beaman; shoes by Stuart Weltzman; hosiery by Givenchy

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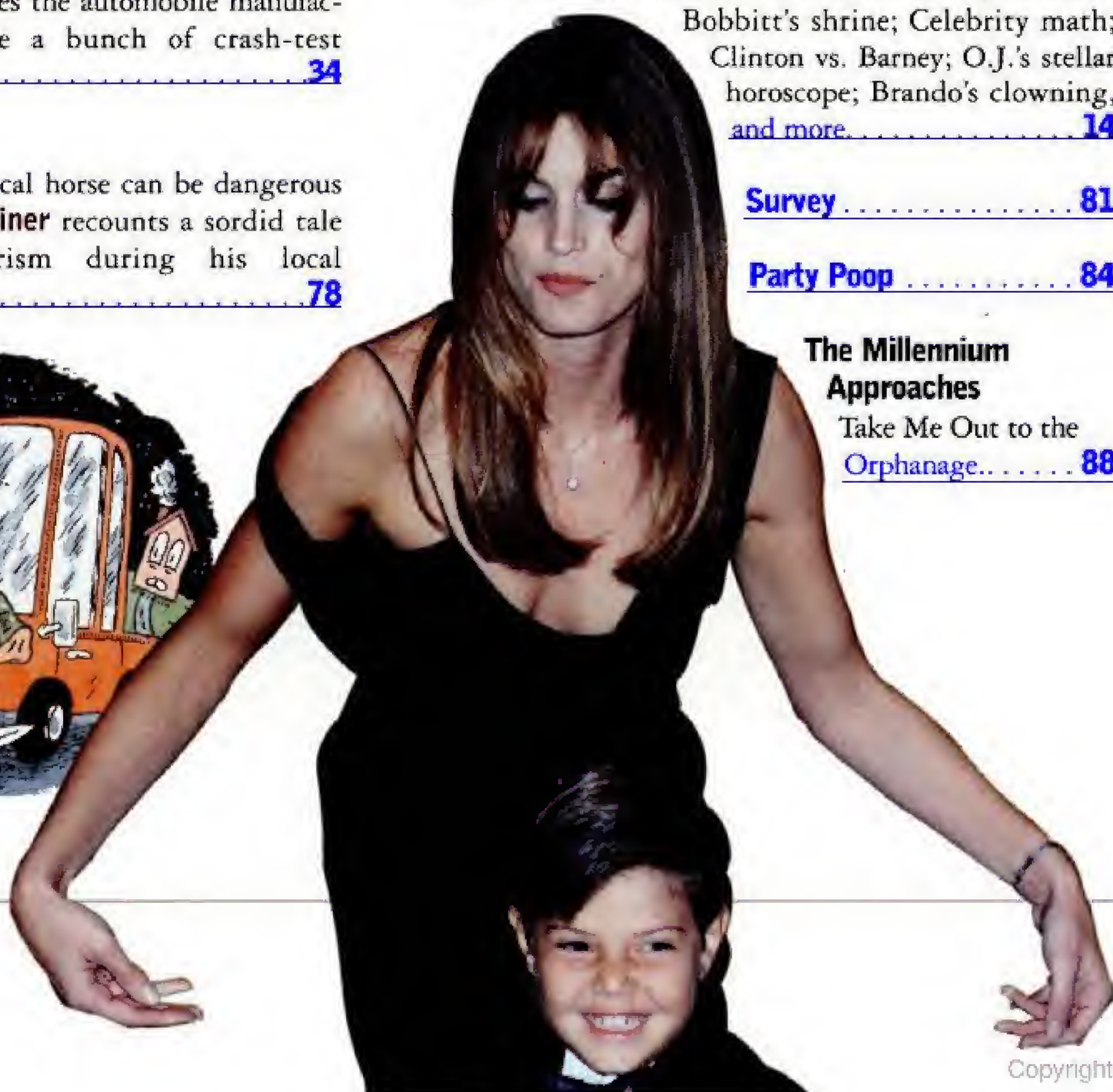
Shakespearean sitcoms; Si Newhouse's JFK cover-up; Safire's self-promotion; James Brown, playwright; The Beatles—together forever?; Tomes on tape; Lorena Bobbitt's shrine; Celebrity math; Clinton vs. Barney; O.J.'s stellar horoscope; Brando's clowning, and more. **14**

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Great Expectations

You Really Like Me!

"I want that girl in a Cole Porter song," says Jack Lemmon during his Academy Award-winning performance in *Save the Tiger*. "I want to see Lena Horne at the Cotton Club, hear Billie Holiday sing 'Fine and Mellow.' [I want to] walk in that kind of rain that never washes the perfume away. I wanna be in love with something."

We'll settle for a little less than that. Maybe a lot less, but at least it won't be *Nell* or anything approaching it. Hollywood isn't Hollywood isn't Hollywood anymore, and it probably never was to begin with.

"*Dead Poets Society*—when was the last time there was a movie about poetry?" asked Oliver Stone in 1990, upon learning that his *Born on the Fourth of July* was nominated for Best Picture. Well, come to think of it, when was the last time a movie was made about George M. Cohan, who wrote "Yankee Doodle Dandy"? "I suppose," Mr. Stone went on to remark regarding his chances of winning that year (he didn't), "*Driving Miss Daisy* [which *did* win] is the least aberrant [film] in that it was a play before being adapted." Aberrant, you see.

So this year, when you're watching the awards ceremony, as we all will be, remember one word—salesmanship. Retired studio executives have been known to sell their mailing lists of Academy members and their addresses for \$3,000—plus postage, of course. And what do they receive for their patronage? You figure it out. Also figure out why Peter Sellers (*Dr. Strangelove*) lost to Rex Harrison in *My Fair Lady*. Or figure out why the whole damn film lost to *My Fair Lady*, if you really want to get tough about it. Sit through a few bars of Marni Nixon singing "Wouldn't It Be Lovely?" if you can. Then remember that was the same year *A Hard*

Day's Night and *A Shot in the Dark* were eligible for nominations.

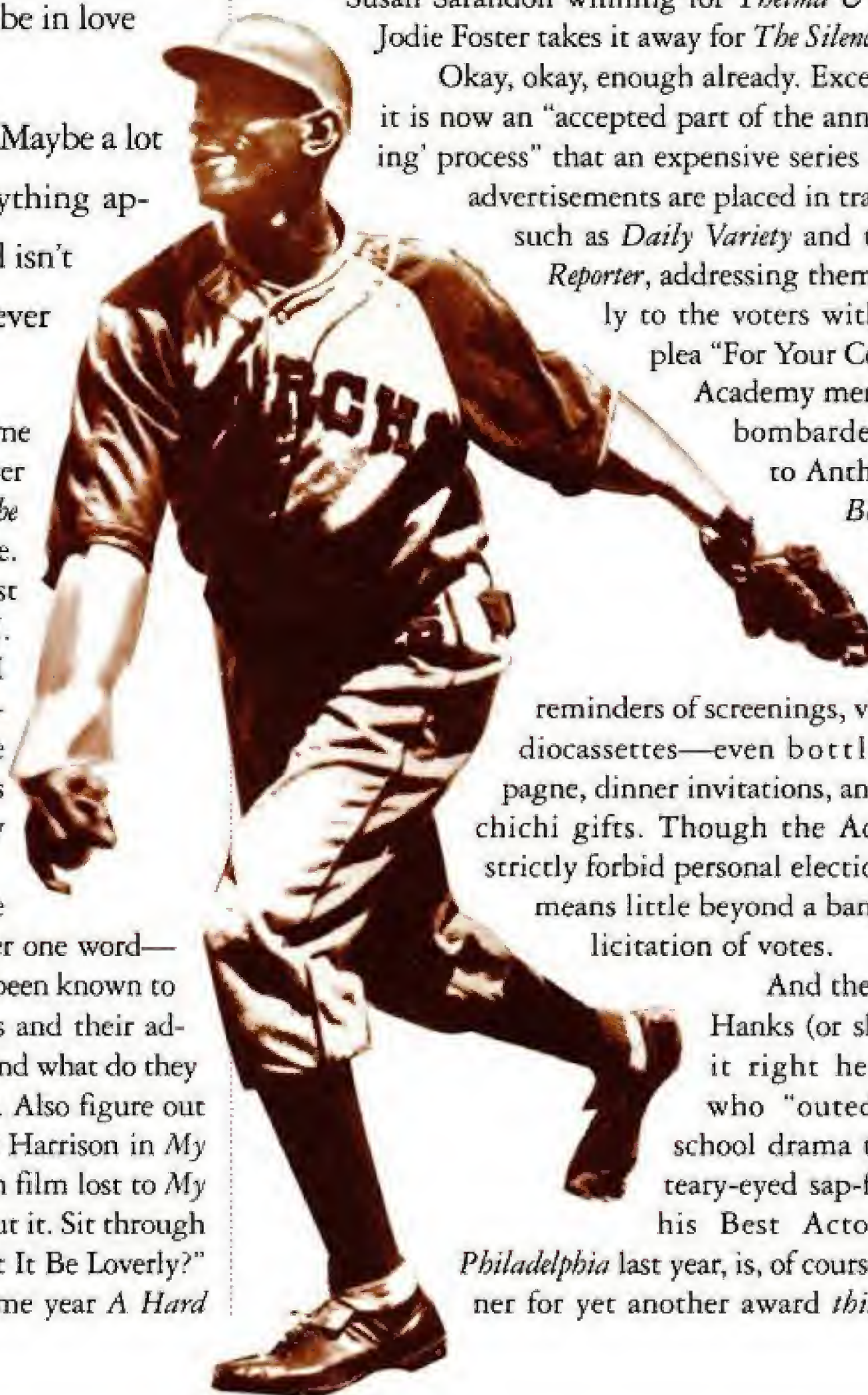
And there are others: Jerry Lewis as *The Nutty Professor* losing to Sidney Poitier in *Lillies of the Field*. Jack Lemmon in *Some Like It Hot* losing to Charlton Heston in *Ben-Hur* (and the movie losing Best Picture as well). And, for those of you who crave recent allusions, neither Geena Davis nor Susan Sarandon winning for *Thelma & Louise*, while Jodie Foster takes it away for *The Silence of the Lambs*.

Okay, okay, enough already. Except to say that it is now an "accepted part of the annual 'positioning' process" that an expensive series of giant color advertisements are placed in trade magazines such as *Daily Variety* and the *Hollywood Reporter*, addressing themselves directly to the voters with the tasteful plea "For Your Consideration."

Academy members are also bombarded, according to Anthony Holden's *Behind the Oscar*, with literature about eligible films,

reminders of screenings, video- and audiocassettes—even bottles of champagne, dinner invitations, and beguilingly chichi gifts. Though the Academy rules strictly forbid personal electioneering, that means little beyond a ban on direct solicitation of votes.

And then there's Tom Hanks (or should we end it right here?). Hanks, who "outed" his high-school drama teacher in his teary-eyed sap-fest regarding his Best Actor award for *Philadelphia* last year, is, of course, a front-runner for yet another award *this* year for the





appal-
lingly an-
noying
Forrest
Gump.

We're
going out
on a limb
here: At
press time,
the nomi-
nations

hadn't even been announced yet. But if there's even a *chance* that he's going to take it two years in a row...well, let's just not think about it, shall we? And Sally Field, who just a few short years ago played Hanks's girlfriend in *Punchline*, now has to settle for playing his mother. That's Hollywood for you.

Now, Sally would be a terrific candidate for Best Actress; or Supporting Actress; or Actress Who's Somehow Passed the Mystical Age By Which She Can No Longer Play Romantic Leads but Must Be Relegated to Mothers of Former Lovers, if Freud Has Anything to Say About It. But imagine, if you can, another "You like me! Right now! You like me!" speech coming from Sally. It would *almost* be worth watching the entire evening—the costumes, even the dance numbers themselves if only the gods of Hollywood and the Academy had the foresight to see the entertainment value in whatever it is she might have to say in acceptance.

Still, we're going to be hearing a lot about *Forrest Gump* come this March, even if it's only for Best Something or Other, like the scene where he shakes hands with President Kennedy or something. But maybe

that's all we should be looking for in the movies today. Maybe our standards are just too damn high. As Hanks himself said about the film's popularity: "Nobody is trying to solve a mystery or save the life of a cow. This is something audiences have never seen before."

And there may be other reasons to go see popular movies like *Gump* or *True Lies* or, God forbid, *Cutthroat Island*, about which advance word makes the title sound just a little more like a pre-ticket-buying instruction than an action/adventure title. A woman from Alabama named Rachel Ivy, who saw *Gump* while visiting New York, gushed about Bear Bryant's millisecond not-even-a-cameo in the film. It was the best recommendation we could think of.

If we go further, we could talk about licensing, which, despite the popularity of "Bubba Gump" raw shell-on shrimp, proves that "licensing can be unpredictable, too," according to Karen Raugust, executive editor at *The Licensing Letter*.

But let's leave all these poor Hollywood types alone, shall we, except for that one night of the year that we wish we all could avoid but absolutely cannot—no matter how hard we try. And we don't, admittedly, try very hard. We instead throw parties, with spicy chicken wings. Or maybe this year, shell-on shrimp.

At the end of *Save the Tiger*, Lemmon is standing just outside a ball field where a group of Little Leaguers are playing. When the ball lands at his feet, he picks it up, winds up several times like an old film of Satchel Paige, and flings the ball as hard as he can, over the heads of the waiting youngsters.

"Gee, what'd you do that for?" asks a fresh-faced future Roy Hobbs.

"I thought you ought to see it just once," Lemmon answers. He won in 1973. ☺



SPY

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From the SPY Mailroom

We don't know what it is about you people out there in California, but hopefully, with this issue (devoted, after all, to your coast), maybe, just maybe, you'll think about being a little kinder and gentler to us in the future.

This month, not one but two separate letters arrived from Eric Seligson (one of them postscripted "Me, too!" by an illegible relative), of San Rafael, California, who offers us a new kind of math:

(National Review x Sassy) - Ebony
= SPY 2.

We assume, since he refers rather specifically and graphically to the Cuba article, that SPY 2 means the "new SPY" (we *thought* we dealt with this last issue; obviously not) and not merely our second issue, which came out in October. "SPY has indeed returned from the dead, unfortunately, a zombie.... You make me sick. My God! *Vanity Fair* won!"

In his second letter (actually dated a week earlier but sent to our old offices), Eric accuses us of changing our "editorial position... from rich-kid radical chic to middle-class moderate Democrat.... We all read SPY for the same reason: to watch you slam the arrogant ruling-class fucks that control the media. Now that you're just like the rest of 'em, you're through."

Vanity Fair, Eric?! Do you really, really mean that, or were you just trying to suck up to Graydon Carter and hurt us as much as you possibly could. Well, whichever, it worked. Our relationship will never be the same. We hope you're happy.

Now, as to the rest of you who were so very concerned with last

The Underdog Barks at Midnight

With respect to Lance Gould's recent piece on the United Nations ["U.N. Believable"; December] and yours truly, may I say that I deeply resent the writer's sour grapes on the work of our World Organization. For nearly half a century the international civil servants at the U.N. have been dedicated to the goals of peace, equality, justice, and development.

With respect to the dull-edged profile on my work, I simply say that I have served with pride my people, my country, and the United Nations. As the saying goes, the dogs bark, but the caravan moves on.

Joseph Verner Reed
Under-Secretary-General
The United Nations

What can we say other than that the dogs may bark, but the fat man walks at midnight, in a gentle rain.

Dubious Comparisons

Help me, I'm torn! After only giving furtive glances to SPY on the newsstands for years, I finally concede to its sociopathic call and get a subscription. However, my excitement over receiving my first issue quickly shifted to horror upon gazing at its cover, "The SPY 100," for it seemed to be an unadulterated copy of *Esquire's* "Dubious Achievements"! (You even use the word "dubious" to describe it in the "contents" section!)

However, I soon found myself captivated over your top 100 census of the absurd. Frankly, I was consumed by its cynical delights, unable to do much else besides stay glued to the pages of SPY magazine and stuff myself with Fig Newtons. I even muted *Melrose Place*! (Admittedly, I did stop to masturbate at one point, but don't take that personally.)

Now I find myself in a moral dilemma. *Esquire's* Dubious Achievements editions are about as clever as Sinbad on laughing gas. So, do I side with a tired and unamusing

original, or an irreverent and hilarious knockoff? I need some guidance!

C.L.
Boston, Massachusetts

Chris, where do we begin? Though we are flattered by the Melrose muting—and even the masturbation reference (although it's a little more information than we needed to know), quite frankly—surely you haven't been such a shut-in to know that "The SPY 100" actually began back in 1987, and we meant the "dubious" reference.

For the Rwandan genocide (#52 of "The SPY 100"), you assigned an Inherent Loathsomeness factor of 6. Butchering people with machetes is inherently less loathsome than the baseball strike or Whitewater? Wow! Tough crowd. Been in New York City a little too long?

Mark Hruby
Rubicon@aol.com
Arlington, Massachusetts

Come on, Mark. Mattingly's first shot in how many years at post-season play?

You are hopelessly out of touch with the goings-on of the computer business, as evidenced by rating Bill Gates' Inherent Loathsomeness as only 5.

Tom Ace
San Francisco, California

Imade the mistake of reading your "SPY 100" list. I should have stopped at #9—where the Macaulay Culkin reference almost made me gag. Unfortunately, I continued up to #70. So, let me get this straight: You actually found one of the most loathsome things in 1994 [was] that the coverage of River Phoenix's death was *not mean enough*? What a brave, hip, groundbreaking thought! You irreverent little rebels, you! The image is so pitiful [*sic*] that I feel the urge to comfort you: Your own demise (as a publication or as individuals) will be just as uneventful as a fart in a cheese factory!

Leah Zeligson
New York, New York

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LetterstoSPY

month's SPY List, including Eric Broome, of Fullerton, California, who submitted the very late guess: "people whose better halves are ninies," isn't it hilarious that, after all that buildup, we didn't even print a "SPY List" last issue? Aren't we just the clever ones, though?

Actually, the truth is, we ran out of SPY T-shirts to give away (the extra dough we were shelling out for them was nearly breaking us again anyway), so we decided to give it a break for an issue and then bring it back now. Look for it in Naked City. And it's a dead giveaway, so we expect some goddamn good guesses this time around.

You know, letters from attorneys turn up in this office all the time—with alarming frequency, as a matter of fact. But this one, from James Bosakowski, of Cambridge, Maryland, really threw us for a loop. First of all, it wasn't hand-delivered by any marshals or anything. Second, it was hand-written, and we didn't think they taught that in law school anymore. Third, Mr. Bosakowski offers this little tidbit of advice in order to "piss off the Republicans":

Wear buttons that say "No Newts Is Good Newts." And, for you anagram fans, he also submits:

Clarence Thomas = Chancre to Males.

Celebrity Math? Mr. Bosakowski goes on: *Hermann Goering divided by Lumpy Rutherford = Rush Limbaugh.*

Mr. Bosakowski's letter is further stamped, "Also admitted in Pennsylvania," though he does not say for what.

Thank God! Someone has finally come to our aid regarding the smell problem we've been having with the magazine. And it took someone from Italy to do it, all you wisenheimers across the U.S.A.

Seems that Mr. Marco Revelant (how can you argue with a name like

Concerning "The SPY 100," specifically #50: "Fornigate"—Is Paula Jones really that much more of a Republican tool than Anita Hill was a Democratic tool? Both seem to have an equal amount of evidence on their sides, with perhaps more on Paula's—given Bill's fucking around, both literally and figuratively, in and out of the White House.

*D. Reo McBride
Tucson, Arizona*

I have been a loyal and happy reader of your publication since 1989, but lately I have been flirting with the notion of letting my subscription run out. Your latest issue helped me arrive at a decision. Number 66 ["Cuddling Up to Terrorists"] on the SPY 100 was simply too great an affront to ignore. Are you on the British Government's payroll? You are now slipping into the realm of self-righteous, ignorant cant and abandoning your trademark informed, insightful wit. Stick to what you know (or used to know).

*Kate McCool
Madison, Wisconsin*

Careful reworking of the "SPY 100" formula consistently registers an Inherent Loathsomeness of 10 (not 6) for Senator Sleaze, Al D'Amato. Furthermore, Rupert Murdoch scores a 10+, yet he was ignored by your otherwise meticulous mathematics department.

*Doug Anderson
New York, New York*

For all the reasons detailed in your very own magazine ["ATF Troop," March 1994], the Bureau of Alcohol, Tobacco and Firearms surely deserves a place on the SPY 100 list. Using your formula, I calculate their score at 438.0, which would place them at Number 14, two spots above their nemesis, the NRA.

Incidentally, I calculate SPY's own score at 111.12, which brings you in at Number 72, just below TV Scheduling Wars and just above Heroin. And how come #50, #58, and #98 all have identical scores of 98.7? And why do #55 and #56 have lower scores than #57? Inquiring minds want to know.

*David F. Nolan
Mission Viejo, California*

Dave, exactly, how much free time do you have on your hands?

Re-education Through Ethics, Inc.

The American public is too bargain-conscious and still too "commie"-biased to care about slave labor in China or whether or not the country is rewarded with a "Most Favored Nation" status ["Re-education Through Labor"; Ethics, Inc., December]. After all, if the press cannot influence the masses nor find any scandalous scoop to blow the whistle on the corporate coalition, it will be exploitation (meaning business) as usual.

However, my sense of guilt is manifested every time my son hungers for a Happy Meal with its "free" toy made in China. Thousands of products are manufactured in China that are of no critical importance to the daily lives of Americans. If, in fact, toys are produced by slave labor, it is of horrific irony and only one example that needs amplification for the United States to begin to understand the unethical corporate juggernaut fueling this oppression.

*Odysseus A. Manzi
Shelburne, Vermont*

I read with great interest your story "Re-education Through Labor," but could not help wondering why China's use of convict labor attracted your attention while a similar situation right here in the United States has not.

UNICOR, the Federal Prison Industries company, has over 70 factories and employs tens of thousands of prisoners who manufacture products that range from textiles and furniture to plastic products and electronic components. Who owns UNICOR? How are the profits distributed? Whose jobs are being stolen by criminals? I never wondered on the outside and could never find out on the inside.

*Joe Martier
Inmate No. 04723-068
Bradford, Pennsylvania*

Hail to the Chief of Endorsements

The following morsel turned up in one of the other humor magazines that regularly appear in my mailbox—*The New Republic*, from January 2, 1995 [p. 25]. The article on Tony Coelho reveals product-placement secrets of politicians:

"I do a lot of work with the CEO of Starbucks," says Dan Levitan. "One day, I thought, wouldn't it be great if the White House drank Starbucks? That would really get out the message that quality and value

are what Starbucks are all about.

"Well, the next thing you know, the health-care task force is calling the CEO of Starbucks, wanting to know about our extraordinary benefits plan. Next thing you know, the CEO of Starbucks is being called to Washington for a meeting with the President. He goes into the Oval Office. The President is sitting there. The President has a Starbucks mug! The President takes him into the White House kitchen. And there's a big bag of Starbucks by the coffee machine! It just blew him away." Spooky.

Dave LaDelfa
ladelfa@rain.org
Santa Barbara, California

Dave, why wasn't either Brad Johnson or the L. Kensington Group informed of this meeting? One needs to go through the proper channels.

Other Voices, Other Letters

I have been a faithful reader of SPY for about five years, and was devastated when I thought you'd folded. When you came back, I was ecstatic that the magazine survived (and that you humiliated all those who'd rejoiced at your demise); but, after reading the last few issues I'm even more impressed at the comeback—SPY is funnier and sharper than ever.

Since I moved to Italy four months ago, I've had SPY forwarded here and wait by the mailbox when it's supposed to arrive. The best compliment I can give you is that there are very few things that make me proud to be a New Yorker and an American, but SPY is definitely one of them.

David J. Drogin
Bologna, Italy

After reading your review of Bret Easton Ellis's new book *The Informers* ["The Emperor's New Prose"; Naked City, December], which revealed the college-thesis roots of the novel, it was with great pleasure that I read the following review of the same book in the *Seattle Times*. Particularly ironic were the lines:

"What makes this [*The Informers*] a noticeable leap from *Less Than Zero* is its depth of insight. It's grown-up, no longer the work of a 21-year-old."

Thanks for the insight.

Chris Hill
Snoqualmie, Washington

Right back at ya, Chris.

In the mid-1970s I subscribed to the *National Lampoon* because it was hip, it was funny, and it thumbed its nose at "the establishment" in an amusing way.

I was a kid, and I accepted all of the classist, racist, sexist bullshit the *Lampoon* fobbed off as evenhanded satire. But eventually I wised up, and it finally dawned on me: *National Lampoon* was run by a B.W.G. (Bunch of White Guys)! I mean, of course it was, but I had thought of them as intellectuals making jokes, not as the butt-pinch-ing, Jap-joke-making, homophobic shiny boots of oppression they really were.

P.J. O'Rourke was really just another festering proto-right wing butt plug, barely able to contain the dribbling ooze of sticky pro-status quo diarrhea his magazine represented. (Note: B.W.G. has nothing to do with sex—it is more a state of mind.)

Which brings me to SPY. Sure, you skewer the bigwigs, the Mob, and the over-inflated boils of undertalented pus in Hollywood. But you also satirize the heroes of the disenfranchised, and echo the damaging stereotypes our government and media spew. Intended or not, your magazine makes a political statement.

When you attack the powerful with the same vigor you attack the weak, you are, in effect, reactionary. Those on top are resilient, and comfortable with liberals who satirize everything, including themselves. But those on the bottom sometimes have only self-respect, or their faith in someone who is fighting for them. And when you take these away you are as bad as a Newt in Congress.

So what I'm saying is: careful! Don't work so hard at being sarcastically fair that you inadvertently become another mouth-piece for the rabid, crotch-lapping, ditto-headed B.W.G. that whine past the point of brain death about how white guys—the undisputed rulers of this fucking empire—are actually endangered! Expose them; they deserve it. And expose the false idols of the people, whatever color or sex. But do it because they are crooks, not just because they irritate you. That's what a B.W.G. would do.

Michael Sullivan
San Francisco, California

SPY welcomes letters from its readers. Address them to the Letters Editor, SPY, 49 East 21st Street, 11th floor, New York, New York 10010. Or via e-mail at SpyMagaz@aol.com. Include your daytime telephone number. Letters may be edited for length and clarity. ☛

that?), of Ancona, Italy, wrote to tell us as well that his August issue smelled. But wait! "As a matter of fact," he ends his letter, "my October issue smells like Chanel No. 5."

Sr. Revelant, truly you are a man of European taste and style. Shame on all the rest of you!

And for those of you interested in a home-shopping network (since we are a full-service magazine), T. Joseph McGrath, of Hamden, Connecticut, sends this real-estate bulletin:

"I'm sure that the subscribers of SPY would like to know about this little Cheever tidbit to add to their scrapbooks. John Cheever was married in New Haven at the home of his father-in-law, Milton Charles Winternitz, in 1941. The house where Cheever was married is currently for sale or lease, and those of you in the market for some Cheever memorabilia can cruise up Prospect Street and check out No. 210.

"I personally vote for National Landmark recognition with a sturdy bronze of Winternitz and Cheever embracing on the front lawn."

There, now we've made our Cheever reference for the month, and can rest a little easier. But what exactly did you mean, Mr. McGrath, by that little "embracing on the front lawn" comment at the end of the letter? Was that a little thinly disguised hint at Cheever's sexuality, or is there something you know that you're not telling us about his relationship with his father-in-law. Whichever: cheap shot at a dead guy, McGrath, and you can forget about your mealy-mouthed plea for a "free SPY hat" with which you postscript your letter.

Too many of you are taking this free clothing thing far too seriously, anyway. And if none of you get the SPY List this issue, we're going to start asking you to send in articles of clothing yourselves. Or contribute to the Cheever/Winternitz Monument. ☛

Contributors

Jamie Malanowski ("Seinfeld-O-Matic," p. 46), currently a senior editor at *Esquire*, is the former national editor of *SPY*. He is also the co-author (along with former *SPY* editor Kurt Andersen, and former deputy editor Lisa Birnbaum) of *Loose Lips*—a revue drawn from real-life transcripts of trial testimonies, FBI buggings, and open-microphone tapes. The show is "due to open off-Broadway momentarily, if not already."



SPY'S OWN "Meta-physician"/Astrologer, **Michele Bernhardt** ("O.J. Hero-scope, p. 16), began her long and distinguished career in traditional fashion, doing metaphysical readings on human customers. Soon, however, she was creating astrological charts for cities, using the dates when they were founded in place of birthdays. A Bernhardt example: "L.A.'s a Virgo, ruled by Mercury, the eternal child. It has a strong sense of perfectionism, similar to plastic-surgery-oriented fellow Virgo, Michael Jackson." Her city readings—which she considers "more classy than the usual tabloid nonsense side of astrology"—have appeared in the *Miami Herald*, *Buzz*, and *Toronto Life*.

Mark O'Donnell ("Celebrity Math," p. 28) has the perfect credentials to rigorously formulate *SPY*'s pop-cultural algorithm: "I've been bowling with Caroline Kennedy and I once danced with Valerie Harper." The numbers-crunching O'Donnell has written half a dozen off-Broadway plays and is the author of *Vertigo Park and Other Tall Tales* (St. Martin's Press), a collection of humorous cartoons and short stories. In response to those who might call him prolific, O'Donnell describes himself as "obscure in many fields."

DETROIT-BASED travel writer **Mary Dempsey's** ("Lorena Bobbitt," p. 25) features have spanned the extremes of Latin American culture: "From ski honeymoons in Chile to terrorist police shoot-outs in Peru." Born to a large family in the Midwest, where "Exotic long-distance travel meant driving to visit relatives," Dempsey has been published in Birnbaum's travel guides, the *Los Angeles Times*, and in-flight travel magazines. Explaining her current choice of home locale, the Michigan resident elaborates, "I like traveling in developing countries, it's a lot like living in Detroit."



OUR SPOOKS EXPERT **Jeff Stein** ("How to Be a Spy," p. 70), has written on national security and other mysteries for the *New York Times*, the *Washington Post*, and for that bastion of espionage journalism, *Playboy*. Stein gained his expertise "serving as briefly as possible with army intelligence during the Vietnam War." The Virginia-based author of *A Murder in Wartime: The Untold Spy Story That Changed the Course of the Vietnam War* and his dog "Scoop" spend their spare time "plotting how to keep the likes of Ollie North and Chuck Robb from holding public office at the same time."

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The Fine Print

by Michael Applebaum

As Plain As the Nose on Your Face

Give credit to veteran CIA employee and Soviet spy Aldrich Ames for taking full advantage of his position. After all, who better than the CIA's head of Soviet counterintelligence to debrief the Soviets on the CIA? Evidence collected in the 1994 investigation of Ames (over 45,000 pages of it) was presented to the Senate Select Committee on Intelligence, who recently released a report on the Ames case.

I. The Findings

From 1985 to the time of his arrest in 1994, Ames managed to:

1) Supply the KGB with details of more than 100 intelligence operations of the CIA, FBI, military, and allied governments

2) Turn over to the KGB thousands of documents on subjects ranging from U.S. defense capabilities to international drug trafficking

3) Disclose, on June 13, 1985, the names of at least 10 top-level Russian officers working for the CIA who, in due time, were executed

4) Make routine cash deposits of 10, 20, and 30 thousand dollars into bank accounts in Virginia and Zurich, and spend at least \$1,397,300

5) Purchase a split-level home in Virginia (\$540,000 paid in cash); a Jaguar; condominiums in Bogota and Cartagena; a farm in Colombia; and another Jaguar

6) Pass two lie-detector tests that questioned him on foreign contacts, disclosure of classified information, and financial irresponsibility; and

Naked city

The Usual Suspects

Last One in the Pool's a Lump of Excrement!



I

Creepy Scandinavian film director **Renny "Die Hard II" Harlin** showed his truly diabolical side while filming the still-to-be-completed, way-over-budget stinker *Cutthroat Island* in Malta. The tiny Mediterranean island nation south of Sicily has an "out of control sewage problem." Seems that some of the water stunt scenes were shot in these crusty "old and troublesome" water tanks hooked up to rusty Maltese water pipes.

As filming was about to begin for one particular scene, the pipes broke, leaking raw, stinky sewage into the tanks. Never mind the floating turds; Harlin, believing that the show must go on, ordered everyone—from stunt people to the star of the film, his wife Geena Davis—to get into the water anyway. Not surprisingly, everyone got sick. But Harlin managed to

prove he is an auteur extraordinaire.

II

Staffers at ABC's *World News Tonight* may have more to contend with than random White House attacks. Seems that **Peter Jennings**, that recently separated high-school

dropout, has decided to act out his midlife crisis to the macho hilt. Staffers report that Jennings regularly strolls through the newsroom with his shirt unbuttoned to the waist, baring midriff and stomach, and left a message

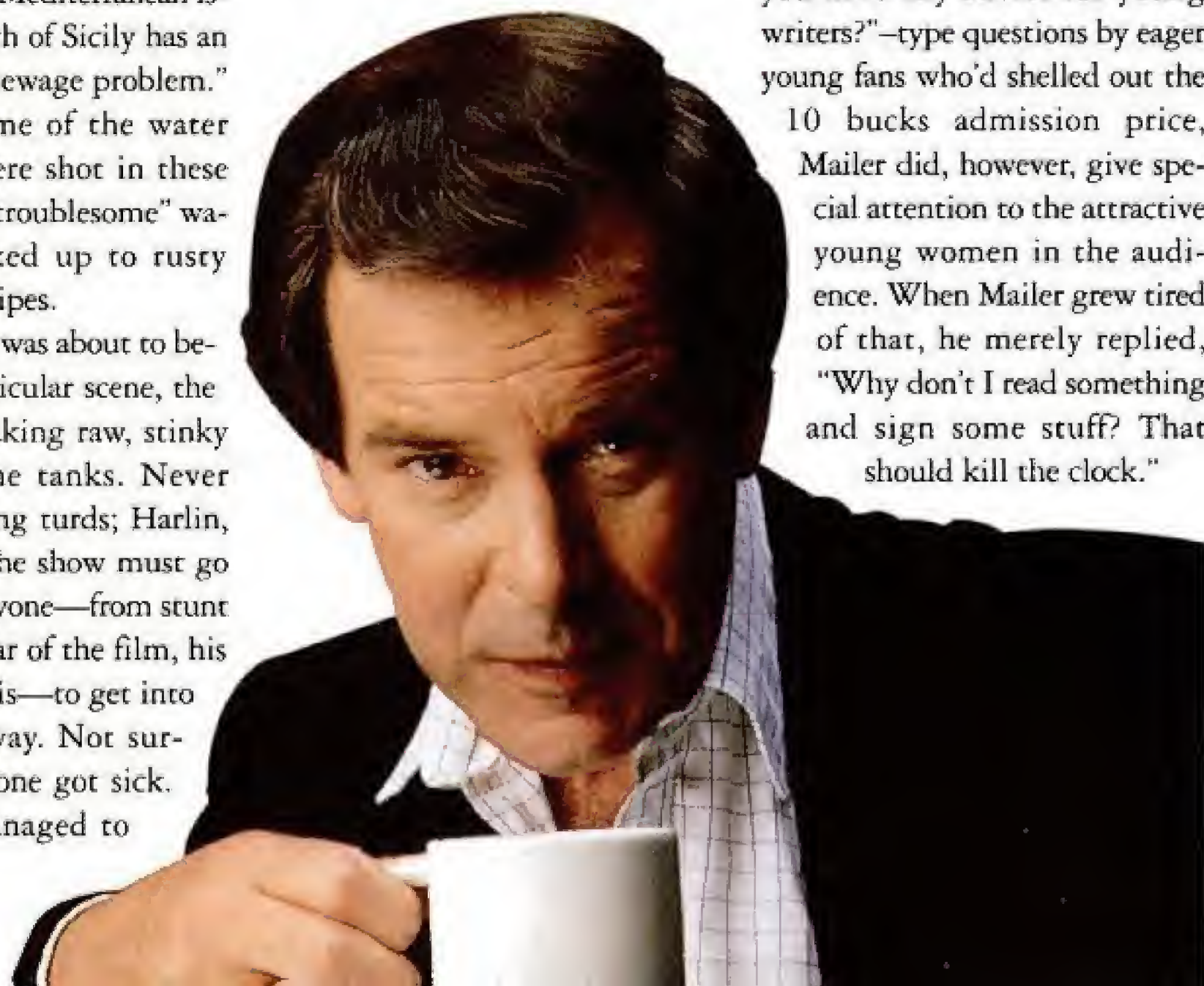
on a potential employee's answering machine with the sign-off, "Call me. Ciao."

III

Norman Mailer may have been paid 50 grand for his "oeuvre" on Madonna for *Esquire's* August issue, but he's clearly not above selling himself out for the short-end money, as Terry Malloy would say. The old palooka himself showed up at a New School reading recently, and instantly announced, "I'm not going to do any reading. I can only be here for fifty min-



utes. I will answer questions." When asked the proverbial "Do you have any advice for young writers?"—type questions by eager young fans who'd shelled out the 10 bucks admission price, Mailer did, however, give special attention to the attractive young women in the audience. When Mailer grew tired of that, he merely replied, "Why don't I read something and sign some stuff? That should kill the clock."



Mystery Tramp No. 4 The Little Fella on the Grassy Knoll

SPY uncovers the
Kennedy–Newhouse
connection.

Does Si Newhouse have culpable knowledge of the Kennedy assassination? For more than 30 years Newhouse and his media empire have played a unique role in the controversy surrounding events at Dealey Plaza, SPY has learned.

In 1955 Si set up Roy Cohn, his best friend since their high-school days together at Horace Mann in the Bronx, with the Union News Company, in which his father was an investor. (The principal owner of Union News, Harry Garfinkle, was tied to organized crime, particularly the Bonnano family.) Cohn returned the favor in 1958 when he gave Newhouse a piece of the Sunrise deal, a Las Vegas hospital built by mobster Moe Dalitz courtesy of a sweetheart loan from Jimmy Hoffa's Teamsters.

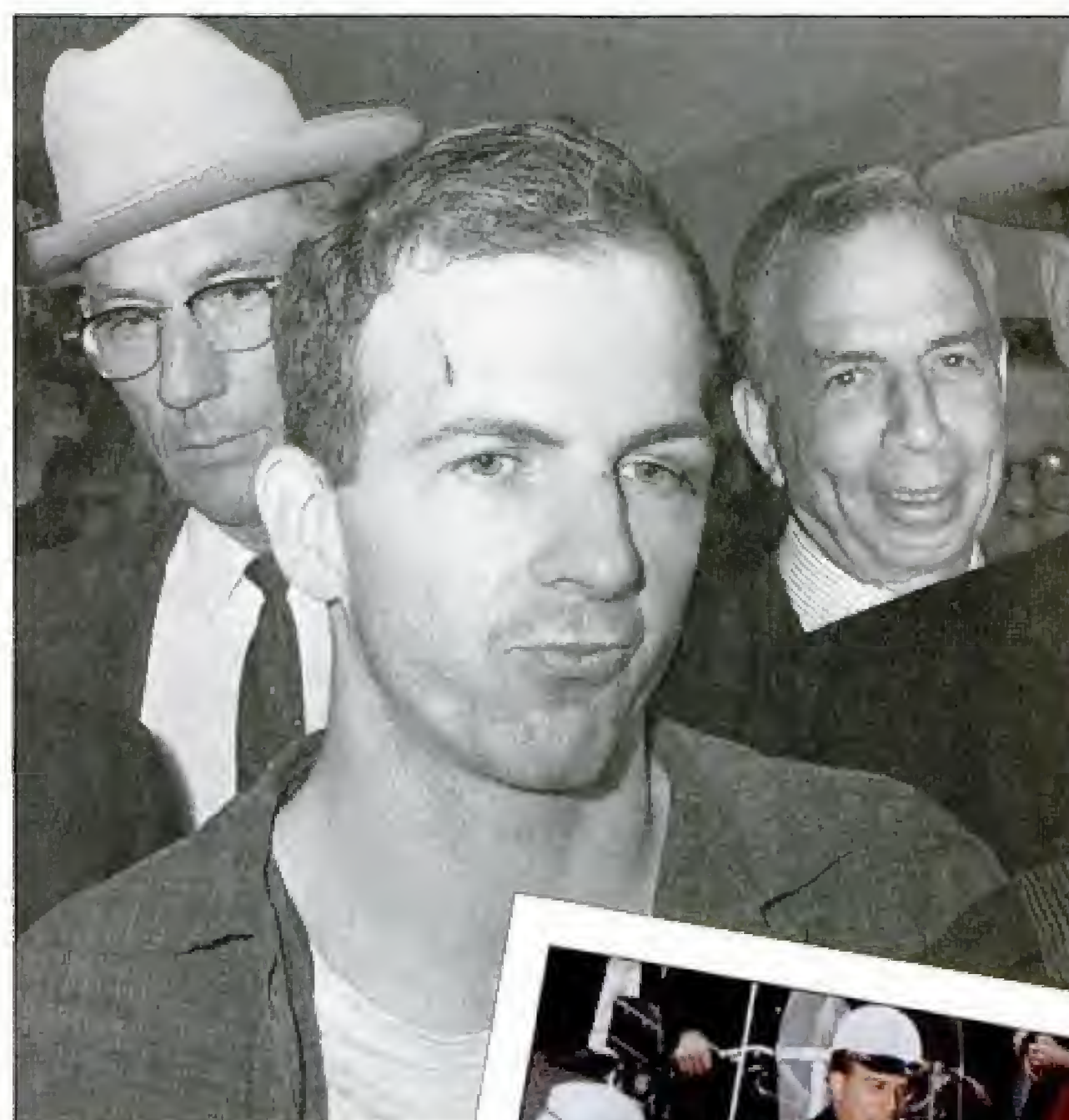
An inquiry into the assassination of Bobby Kennedy was curiously sidetracked by the Newhouse empire. In *The Assassination of Robert F. Kennedy*,

1. Si after the arrest of Oswald 2. Si riding in the motorcade 3. Directly before the shooting of Oswald, a dapper Si appears mysteriously calm.



the authors present convincing evidence of a conspiracy. According to co-author and former FBI agent William Turner, after the book's publisher, Random House, was acquired by Newhouse, the company took aggressive action to withdraw its publication, citing concerns over libel suits and low sales.

More recently, Random House published *Case Closed*, which supports the Warren Commission's theory that Oswald acted alone. Given author Gerald Posner's re-



liance on "confidential intelligence sources," some have suggested that *Case Closed* is typical CIA-friendly propaganda. Finally, this June Random House is scheduled to release a new book by Norman Mailer, in which he is expected to retract his oft-stated belief that a conspiracy killed JFK. According to Newhouse biographer Thomas Maier, the man who initially introduced Mailer to Newhouse and Random House was... Roy Cohn.

What has driven Newhouse's devotion to Kennedy cover-ups? The questions should be asked: What does Si Newhouse know and when did he know it?

—John Klatz

THE FINE PRINT CONTINUED

7) Offer the CIA clues (in addition to his unexplained wealth) as to his ineptitude, including:

a) In 1976 he left his briefcase of classified information about a Soviet informer—on a subway

b) In 1980 he "was cited for leaving top-secret communications equipment unsecured in his office"

c) While working at CIA headquarters in Rome, he would routinely leave his safe open

d) During a trip to Turkey, he let his supervisor borrow his personal laptop to play computer games, without

concealing the large sub-files containing classified cables and memos—most notably the one named after his current KGB handler, "VLAD"

e) He often delayed or avoided filling out required reports on his official meetings with the Soviets, and admits to having regularly left the office carrying shopping bags full of classified documents. Co-workers noted his proclivity to arrive late, return from lunch drunk, and fall asleep; and

f) Incidents of his inebriation include a liaison with foreign officials in 1992—during which he made inappropriate remarks about CIA operations and personnel, and passed out at the dinner table; a CIA–FBI softball game at which he left behind his badge, cryptic notes, and a wallet containing alias ID documents; and a reception at which he got into a loud argument with a guest, left, passed out on the street, and woke up the next day in a hospital.

II. The Response

Below is a portion of the interview conducted by the Senate Select Committee on Intelligence with Aldrich Ames.

CHAIRMAN DECONCINI: *The material you gave in Rome, you had access to everything that came into the Rome station, which I understand is a pretty heavy hitting station.*

AMES: [T]here was a tremendous amount of material about... policies and plans, and resources that would get sent to all stations.

So you had all of that. And, so I had that passed [to the KGB].

And they liked having that.

Yes, they certainly did.

How did you take that material out?

Put it in envelopes in a shopping bag and left the Embassy.

Did you make Xerox copies? Is that what you did?

No. I very seldom Xeroxed copies.

What did you do? Did you take the originals?

I just took the originals. I was the last—paper is basically unaccountable.

(W)as there a control over documents, and did you ever go get any?

Not a formal control, in the sense of top secret and codeword documents being numbered and logged, not at all.

...So some of that would still come to you.

And I received a lot of that.

But now if you were reading one of those and it said—made some reference to some document that was codeword, top secret or something, because it had a source or something

Could you...go see it if you thought—



Hero-scope Media Circus of the Stars

Celebrity astrologer Michele Bernhardt charts O.J.'s fate.

We've heard from the legal experts, the reporters, and the *vox populi*. So when we received O.J.'s complete astrological chart from a noted stargazer, we couldn't resist adding yet another expert opinion to the fray. In case you've been wondering, here's what's really going to happen:

► Astrologically at least, O.J., it turns out, is deeply connected to both Robert Shapiro and Marcia Clark. He could not have found a more beneficial attorney to defend him, or a more doggedly tenacious attorney to prosecute him. These aspects run much deeper than their assigned positions as defender and prosecutor.

► Shapiro's Jupiter, the planet of good fortune, conjuncts O.J.'s Sun. This means Shapiro will do everything in his power to help O.J. and make him feel good.

► Clark, however, is out to get him. She has Mars (war) and Pluto (destruction) on O.J.'s ascendant. A Mars-Pluto conjunction is a compulsive and obsessive desire to destroy.

► O.J., born on July 9, 1947, has three planets in Cancer and is highly emotional. Ruled by the Moon, O.J. is at the mercy of his moods. Cancers, similar to the crab, have to be first with those they love, and hold onto them with great tenacity. They like to roam, but also need a home to come back to.

► O.J. is Leo rising. Leo is ruled by the sun. The sun can warm or burn, create or destroy. O.J. is strong, courageous, romantic, and prideful. He likes to take risks. Like the lion, he has large shoulders and small hips.

O.J.'s need

Moons, which means they are mentally alert and a little crazy; composed on the outside but frenetic on the inside.

► Clark, however, with all her Leo, can't always contain herself and wants to bust. With the Moon ruling her ninth house, she has Mars in Leo and hates to be wrong. With Saturn in Libra, she keeps a perfect set of books. So watch out, Shapiro, this woman is smart and tricky. If she would just breathe a little more and not take everything so seriously, we would grow to love her.

► Shapiro, on the other hand, has his sun in the twelfth house—what is hidden from the public's view. So whereas Clark is out there for the world to see, Shapiro remains hidden behind the scenes. The power behind the throne (and behind new lead defender Johnnie Cochran), Shapiro, like O.J., has Venus in the eleventh house. They each have a lot of friends.

These two people have favors coming out the kazooties, whereas Clark tends to be a lone wolf.

Conclusion

Shapiro is going to have Saturn opposing his ascendant (physical body) and squaring his midheaven (career), which will put a drain on his vitality. Clark will have Pluto on her midheaven (changes in career and life), which will either make us love her or hate her.

While we watch endless details of the case, it is interesting to note that the U.S. was born on July 4th, 1776, under the sign of Cancer, the same as O.J. ☾



for love is great, and when it is refused, he can lose his desire to live.

► With Jupiter in Scorpio in the third house, he is likable and charismatic, but at the same time he can be devious and secretive.

Shapiro and Clark

Both are born under the sign of Virgo, the nitpicker of the zodiac, and are often obsessed with detail. They each have a full ninth house, the house that stands for justice and higher courts. Both have Gemini

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I could go...to that office and say...I am looking at such and such a case, and apparently there was a report that might have related to this, can I take a look at it?

Now, was there any control of that? Did you have to sign to see it?

No. Unless it were top secret or something...the responsible officer would either make a decision or consult with his boss and say, is this appropriate? And you might get the answer of, no, you've got to go talk to my boss if you want to see that. Or they might say, oh, sure....

If it were top secret, someone would have to clear that, even though you were cleared for top secret?

If it were top secret, to get the document, you would have to sign [for it]...But top secret seldom arose....We're dealing almost exclusively on the secret level.

The secret level.

But there were code-words, if you will, or slugs, or designators, for various sorts of secret traffic and correspondence, that limited the way it was distributed.

Yes. Was [sic] there ever any rumors or reality of any lost documents within the Agency out there?

Oh, yeah. Every time they would inventory top-secret documents, you know, hundreds would turn—hundreds and thousands would turn up missing.

Would be gone.

Bureaucratic inertia and friction.

...Did anybody follow up on those, or did they have a—

I don't know.

You don't recall anything?

I feel there wasn't much follow-up. ☺

naked city

Shades of Brown

Papa's Got a Brand New Play

The Godfather of Soul goes for his first Obie.

James Brown once claimed to have written 5,500 songs—more than Mozart, Beethoven, and Berlin. (According to researchers at BMI, the number is closer to 600.) In any case, The Hardest-Working Man in Show Business has written a hell of a lot of tunes. When we examined his discography, we noticed that he had given many of his songs titles that appear to be clipped from conversation—so many, in fact, that we were able to arrange an entire one-act play using only song titles (written or produced by Brown) as dialogue. Even the play's title and the characters' names have been taken from the discography. Look for the debut somewhere off-off-Broadway soon.

WHERE THE SOUL TREES GROW

A play by James Brown
Arranged by Alex Gregory
and Peter Huyck

SCENE: STEVE SOUL (1969) and his wife, CALDONIA, (1964) are sitting on their porch on a hot Georgia afternoon. They are seated side-by-side in a swing chair, facing the street. CALDONIA is fanning herself and STEVE is gazing across his lawn.

CALDONIA

There's Something on Your Mind. (1965)

STEVE

No, No, No. (1956)

CALDONIA

Tell Me What-I Did Wrong. (1958)

STEVE

(Turning away.) It Hurts to Tell You. (1959)

CALDONIA

Gimme Your Hand. Come On Wit' It. Maybe I'll Understand. (1972, 1968, 1968)

STEVE

(Pulls hand away.) I Can't Stand Myself (When You Touch Me). (1967)

CALDONIA

I Won't Plead No More. I'm Not Demanding. (1957, 1969)

STEVE

(Explodes.) Baby, Don't You Know?! Papa Left Mama Holding the Bag! (1968, 1965)

CALDONIA

Slowdown. Unwind Yourself. (1960, 1967)

STEVE

(Takes a deep breath.) I Found Out...Annie Had a Baby. Sweet Little Baby Boy. (1963, 1971, 1966)

CALDONIA

(Leaps to her feet.) It Was You?! (1959)

STEVE

Shhhhhhhh! Tell the Whole World! (1968, 1967)

CALDONIA

Again! (Breaks into tears.) Tell Me Why! Why Does Everything Happen to Me? (1964, 1962, 1962)

STEVE

Oh Baby, Don't You Weep. I Can't Help It (I Just Do-Do-Do). (1964, 1965)

CALDONIA

There Must Be a Reason—What Kind of Man...Keep On Doin' What You're Doin'? (1959, 1968, 1971)

STEVE

Got No Excuse. I'm a Greedy Man. And I Do Just What I Want. (Looks off wistfully into

the distance.) Sometimes That's All There Is. (1965, 1971, 1960, 1980)

CALDONIA

I'll Never Let You Break My Heart Again. (She gets up, goes inside the house, and comes back out, carrying a suitcase.) I Won't Be Back. (1972, 1964)

STEVE

Baby Baby Baby. Hold It. (Jumps to his feet and takes her arm.) You Don't Have to Go. Stay with Me. I've Got to Change. I'll Work It Out. Stop and Think It Over. (1964, 1961, 1962, 1981, 1963, 1968, 1965)

CALDONIA

Tell Me What You're Gonna Do. (1964)

STEVE

I Need Your Love So Bad. (Caresses her cheek.) I'll Be Sweeter Tomorrow. (1975, 1969)

CALDONIA

(Pushing him away.) Sayin' It and Doin' It Is Two Different Things. If You Want Me, You've Got to Have a Job. (1972, 1961, 1969)

STEVE

I'll Lose My Mind! (1969)

CALDONIA

I Don't Care. How You Gonna Get Respect? (1964, 1968)



STEVE
I've Got Money, Woman. (1966, 1973)

CALDONIA
Money Won't Change You. I Don't Want Nobody to Give Me Nothing. (1966, 1969)

STEVE
Baby, You're Right. I Love You, Yes I Do. (*Gets down on one knee and takes her hand.*) Just You and Me, Darling. (1961, 1961, 1961)

CALDONIA
No More Heartaches, No More Pain? (1970)

STEVE
What Do I Have to Do to Prove My Love to You? The Brother's Under Pressure. (1968, 1974)

CALDONIA
Respect...The Truth. Make Up Your Mind. (1969, 1973, 1964)

STEVE
Try Me. You're in Real Good Hands. (*He smiles lovingly at her.*) You're So Sexy. (1958, 1967, 1969)

CALDONIA
My Man. I'm Back to Stay. (1964, 1968)

(*They embrace. He is looking over her shoulder in the direction of the sidewalk. At that very moment, a stunningly voluptuous woman walks by. STEVE's eyes bulge.*)

STEVE
For Goodness Sakes, Look at Those Cakes! (1978)

CALDONIA
(*Slaps him.*) Get Out of My Life! (1969)

STEVE
Girl, Girl, Girl. Please, Please, Please. (1970, 1956)

CALDONIA
You Can't Love Me, If You Don't Respect Me. (*She picks up her bags.*) When Loneliness Knocks at Your Door, Can Your Heart Stand It? (*She*

starts down the steps.) So Long. Write Me a Letter. (1975, 1964, 1981, 1964, 1964.)

STEVE
(*Laughs mockingly.*) Talkin' Loud and Sayin' Nothing, Hot Pants. It's a Man's Man's Man's World. You Know It. Only You...Never Find a Love Like Mine. (1970, 1971, 1966, 1968, 1965, 1969)

CALDONIA
(*She pauses.*) I Know It's True. (1960)

STEVE
That's the Spirit. Come Over Here. (N/A, 1960)

CALDONIA
Your Love Was Good for Me. What a Feeling. (*She drops her bags and runs back to him.*) (1967, 1968)

STEVE
Get Up, I Feel Like Being Like a Sex Machine. (1970)

CALDONIA
(*They start to unbutton each other's clothes.*) Bring It On...Bring It On. I Feel That Old Feeling Coming On. (1983, 1956)

STEVE
I Got Ants in My Pants, I Want You So Bad. (1973, 1959)

CALDONIA
Release the Pressure! Let the Boogie Do the Rest. (*Lights dim and spotlights focus on their faces as they fall to the floor of the porch.*) (1976, 1979)

STEVE
Rock Me Again and Again and Again and Again. Make It Funky. (1974, 1971)

CALDONIA
The Spank, Mr. Big Stuff? (1978, 1976)

STEVE
Please, Please,

Please...Gimme Some More. (1956, 1971)

CALDONIA
Finger Poppin' Time! (1972)

STEVE
I Need Help (I Can't Do It Alone). (1970)

CALDONIA
Hang Ups We Don't Need—Keep on Bumping Before You Give Out of Gas! (1970, 1974)

STEVE
Hot Pants, I'm Coming, I'm Coming, I'm Coming! Here I Go! (1971, 1968)

CALDONIA
Let the Funk Flow...(*They collapse in a panting heap. Eventually, Caldonia stands up*

and buttons her blouse. Lights come back on.) Sticky...Cold Sweat...Let's Go Get Stoned. (1980, 1961, 1967, 1967)

STEVE
Sho' Nuff. Papa's Got a Brand New Bag. (1973, 1965)

CALDONIA
I've Got a Bag of My Own. Come On In This House...(*She enters the house and reappears, holding up a bag of unpopped microwave popcorn.*) Butter Your Popcorn? (1972, 1968, 1969)

STEVE
(*Gets to his feet and struts into the house.*) Let a Man Come In and Do the Popcorn. (1969)

(CURTAIN)

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...and "My Way" songwriter Paul Anka?



Former Donald Trump doll Ivana...



...and former Burt Reynolds moll Loni Anderson?



Robert "How many years for O.J.?" Shapiro...



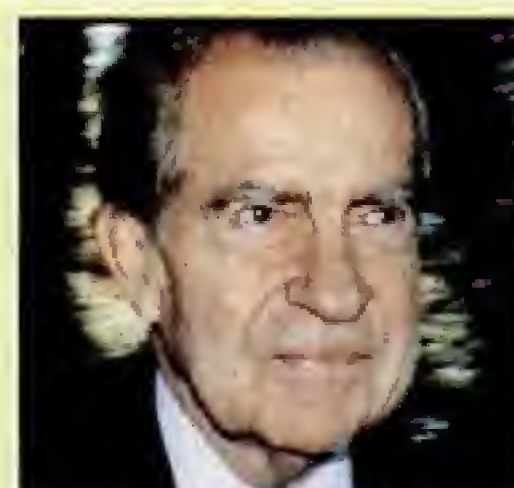
...and *Sesame Street*'s Count von Count?



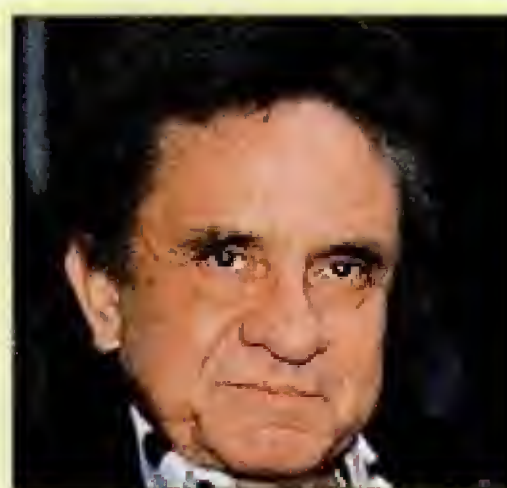
John Wayne Bobbitt...



...and *Hawaii Five-O*'s Danno, James MacArthur?



Former President Richard "I'm not a crook" Nixon...



...and Johnny "Folsom Prison" Cash?

naked city

Shnooks on Tape

Barbeauians at the Gate

When scripts turn scarce, ex-celebs read books—aloud.

Your eighth sitcom has flopped. QVC said "no thanks." Even Conan won't book you. What's a has-been celebrity to do? Judging from the groaning shelves at your neighborhood Barnes & Noble, the answer is easy: get a gig reading books on tape!

With literacy declining faster than you can say "Deepak Chopra," audio books have become a nearly \$1.2 billion industry. And while classy, big-name celebrities reading classy, big-name writers still grab the hype (Sharon Stone purring *The Scarlet Letter*, Brad Pitt mumbling Cormac McCarthy's *The Crossing*), it's the low end of the industry that's really booming. Stars who once lined up for *Love Boat* walk-ons can now be heard "interpreting" a huge variety of books. The forgotten-but-not gone voices on recent releases include:

► **Arte Johnson** reading humorists Dave Barry and Russell Baker
► **Dan Quayle** reading himself

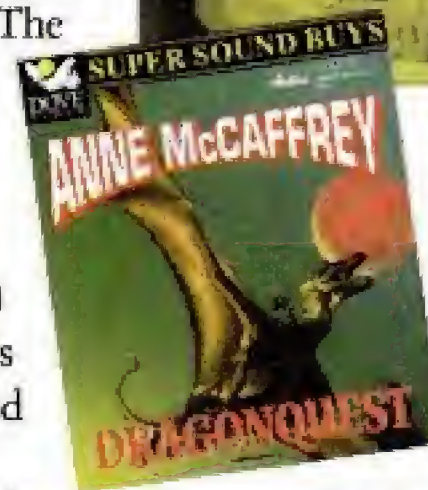
► **Adrienne Barbeau** reading several volumes of Anne McCaffrey's *Dragonquest* series
► **Barry Williams** (TV's Greg Brady) reading his own *Growing Up Brady*

► **Morgan Fairchild** reading Judith Michael's *A Ruling Passion*

► **John Ritter** reading Patti Davis's *Bondage*

► **Loretta Swit** reading Sandra Brown's *French Silk*

The list goes on. Stirring orator and former *Green Acres* star **Eddie Albert**, on a cassette titled *Great American Poetry*, reads the early American Puritan poet Edward Taylor's poem "Huswifery"? ("Then dy the same in Heavenly Colours



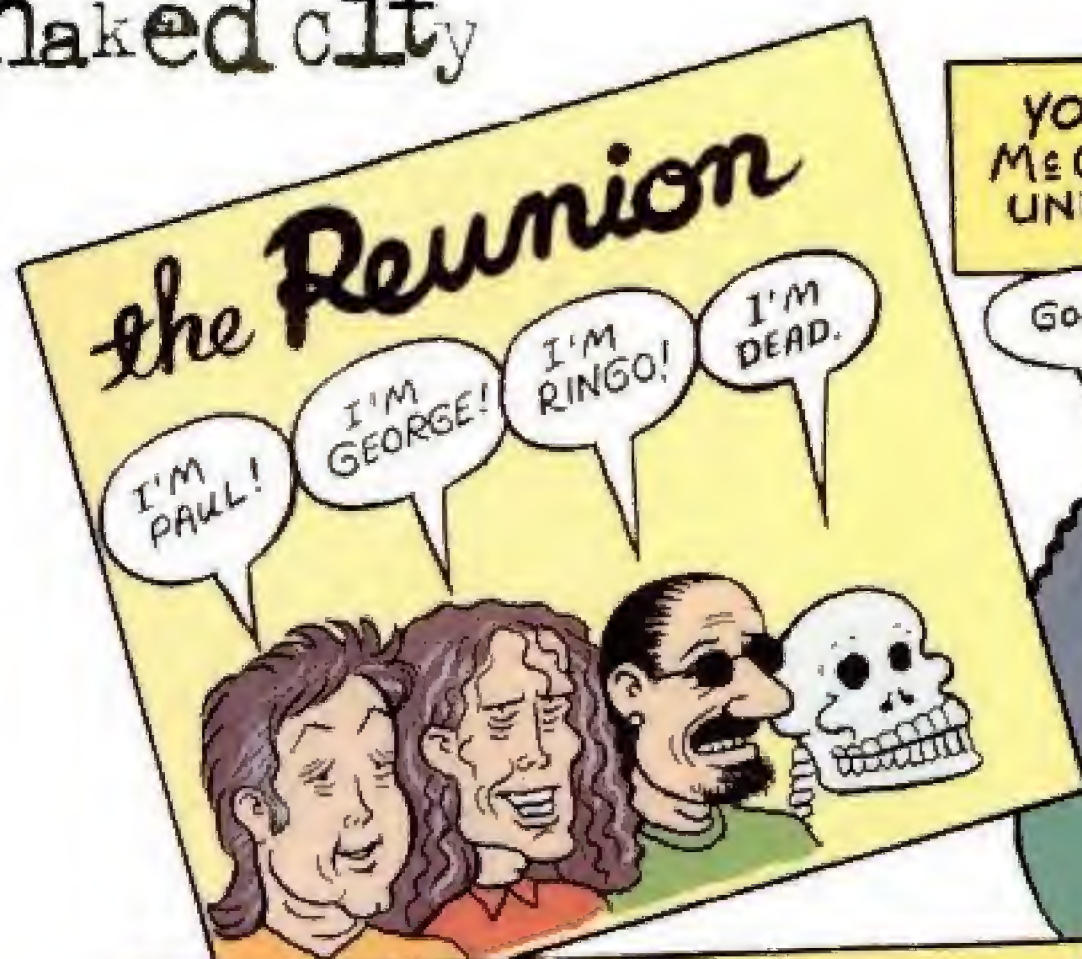
Adrienne "I had her poster in the eighth grade" Barbeau.

Choice/All Pinkt with Varnish't Flowers of Paradise.") And

Richard Gere reads an unabridged translation of *The Tibetan Book of the Dead*, including the appropriate passage "If thou art of low mental capacity, be not afraid of it."

Why risk paper cuts? With Richard Gere & Co. on audio, who needs to read?

—Dwight Garner



YOKO ONO GIVES PAUL
Mc CARTNEY JOHN LENNON'S
UNFINISHED RECORDINGS.



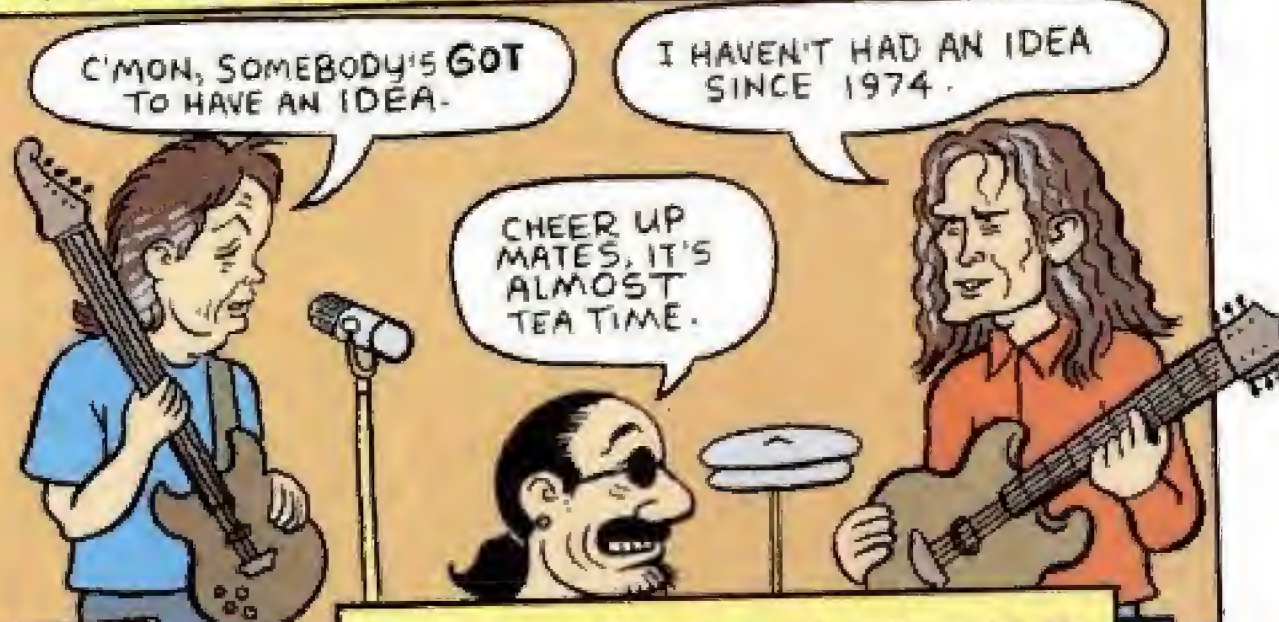
NO! DON'T
DO IT!



FROM THE BASEMENT OF THE B.B.C.,
A RARE TREASURE IS UNEARTHED.



THE SURVIVING BEATLES RECORD NEW MATERIAL
AT GEORGE HARRISON'S MANSION IN OXFORDSHIRE.



AND WHAT ABOUT JOHN?



PAUL CONFIRMS
THE REUNION.



LITTLE
RICHARD
SAID THAT
THE BEATLES
ASKED HIM
TO BE THE
OPENING
ACT FOR THEIR
REUNION
TOUR.



Remember all those nights
when you thought
you were really funny?
You weren't.



Dewar's



Design: "White Lined" - 1994 & re-printed by Scampini Co., Inc. NY. All rights reserved. Scampini Co. 1994. (50 p. 91)

The Rambling Rajah of Redundancy How to Coin a Phrase to Death

Nobody loves a William Safire quip like William Safire

William Safire, whose columns are sushi-fresh compared to the stale fare of most pundits, does suffer from a parasitic infection, *repetococcus omniechoa*. Diagnosticians, however, will surely be obliged to consider new evidence, published in SPY for the first time anywhere, that Safire may be sicker than previously thought.

In the campaign of 1982, alliteration—though never quite reaching the vicars of vacillation or **nattering nabobs of negativism** stage—was used extensively. The A.F.L.-C.I.O. posed the issue as jobs or jellybeans.

—NOVEMBER 21, 1982

In the early 1970s, Vice President Spiro Agnew used the same alliterative technique to rout doomsayers with **nattering nabobs of negativism**, which was my own contribution to the political lexicon.

—APRIL 8, 1984

[Alliteration] is probably the easiest device for orators and their writers, although it was in the doghouse immediately after the Agnew era. (I was the author of "**nattering nabobs of negativism**," an updating of Adlai Stevenson's derogation of pessimists as "prophets of gloom and doom.")

—AUGUST 19, 1984

[Agnew] inveighed lustily against permissiveness in child upbringing ("the Spock-marked generation"), the liberal media ("instant analysis"), and people not sufficiently upbeat about the Nixon-Agnew Administration ("**nattering nabobs of negativism**").

—OCTOBER 25, 1984

Pat [Buchanan] was also the brains behind many of the alliterative barbs of Spiro



Agnew ("pusillanimous pussyfooters" and "vicars of vacillation" were Buchanan's; "**nattering nabobs of negativism**" was mine) and he survived the fall of that nolo-contendering clayfoot.

—JANUARY 19, 1987

Other modern alliterators are here at the Nixon table. The sign across my chest is **nattering nabobs of negativism**.

—JULY 17, 1988

Mr. Jackson has found a means of riposte more succinct than Spiro Agnew's **nattering nabobs of negativism**, a phrase I originated in my attempt to update Adlai Stevenson's anti-pessimist "prophets of gloom and doom," but was soon narrowed to scorn at adversarial journalists.

—MAY 27, 1990

Does this mean that speech writers will get credit for famous lines delivered by public figures? That prospect causes some of us **nattering nabobs**

of negativism to salivate at coinage glory.

—NOVEMBER 25, 1990

My old comrade-in-arms from Nixon speechwriting days (he did "pusillanimous pussyfooters" for Agnew alliteration, while I did "**nattering nabobs of negativism**") is running for President.

—DECEMBER 16, 1991

As Democrats expressed their dissatisfaction with the lingering war and slow economic growth in 1970, a Republican wordsmith...[wrote for Agnew] a nice bit of alliteration with which to castigate the castigators: He called them the "**nattering nabobs of negativism**."

—JUNE 21, 1992

We smote them hip and thigh with social themes, and awesome alliteration had its day in the oratorical arena. (Pat came up with "pusillanimous pussyfooters"; mine was "**nattering nabobs of negativism**.")

—OCTOBER 18, 1992

President Clinton...zapped opponents of the Democratic plan as "guardians of gridlock." (I would have added an alliterative advance adjective, "grim," to convey the full **nattering-nabobs-of-negativism** flavor, but speech writers today are more restrained.)

—AUGUST 5, 1993

For "the quality of being negative," I would use something like nay-saying, but that's because I'm a **nattering nabob of negativism**.

—JANUARY 30, 1994

How does chattering differ from nattering? While barnstorming with Spiro Agnew in 1970, I churned out the **nattering nabobs of negativism** to alliteratively eviscerate the pack of professional pessimists.

—SEPTEMBER 11, 1994

—JOSHUA SHENK

Jesus H. Bobbitt!

Let Me Hear You Say "Ouch!"

SPY visits the Lorena Bobbitt shrine

While John Wayne Bobbitt fought Canadian authorities for a visa so he could drop his drawers before audiences in Toronto, Lorena Bobbitt (to whom his road show owes everything) was creating a spiritual stir in Ecuador.

The focus of the hubbub was the shrine—cum—artwork titled *La Adolorida de Bucay*. From a distance, the painting set before an altar of burning candles looks pretty much like any of the Virgin Mary shrines that are so ubiquitous in South America. But a closer look revealed that

the work, loosely translated as "the Afflicted One of Bucay," was no run-of-the-mill icon. This virgin, her heart pierced with miniature swords, gazed out with the sad eyes—and face—of Lorena, who was born in Bucay, Ecuador. One of the virgin's crossed hands held a knife, the other a dismembered penis.

The shrine, framed by condoms and an urn of plastic feces, won artist Hernán Zúñiga second prize in his nation's annual art show, *Salón de Julio*, sponsored by the Guayaquil Municipal Museum, which now owns the

piece. It also brought the artist a heap of trouble. Guayaquil Mayor León Febres Cordero (a former president of Ecuador) said *La Adolorida* reminded him too much of the Virgin Mary, called it an affront to the religious beliefs of the country, and prohibited its display. It is presently hidden in a museum storeroom.

"The only thing I have done is consecrate Lorena Bobbitt as a martyr...and victim of macho violence," Zúñiga responded. "There are prejudices among the people when it comes to contemplating genitalia under aesthetic or artistic circumstances; prejudices that absurdly don't

exist when we think of people who go daily to pornographic movies [not banned] by the city censor."

John Wayne Bobbitt has not scheduled a road show in Guayaquil.—Mary Dempsey



TECHNOLOGY UPDATE

500 miles from nowhere, it'll give you a cold drink or a warm burger...

NASA space flights inspired this portable fridge that outperforms conventional fridges, replaces the ice chest and alternates as a food warmer.

Recognize the ice cooler in this picture? Surprisingly enough, there isn't one. What you see instead is a Koolatron, it replaces the traditional ice cooler, and its many limitations, with a technology even more sophisticated than your home fridge. And far better suited to travel. Plus, the innocent looking portable refrigerator before you is also a food warmer.

NASA inspired portable refrigerator. Because of space travel's tough demands, scientists had to find something more dependable and less bulky than traditional refrigeration coils and compressors. Research led them to discover a miraculous solid component called the thermo-electric module. The governing module, no bigger than a matchbook, actually delivers the cooling power of a 10 pound block of ice.

From satellites to station wagons. Koolatron is the first manufacturer to make this technology available to families, fishermen, boaters, campers and hunters—anyone on the move. Now for the price of a good cooler and one or two seasons of

buying ice, all the advantages of home cooling are available for you electronically and conveniently.

Hot or cold. During a moderate temperature period (70° or cooler) it will even keep your ice frozen indefinitely. With the switch of a plug, the Koolatron becomes a food warmer for a burger or baby's bottle. It can go up to 125 degrees. And because there are no compressors or gases, Koolatron works perfectly under all circumstances. Empty, the large model weighs only 12 pounds. Full, it can hold up to 40 12-oz cans.

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The versatile Koolatron

The Koolatron comes in two sizes. The P24A holds 30 quarts and the smaller P9 holds 7 quarts.

An optional AC adaptor lets you use them in your rec room, patio or motel room. They plug into any regular outlet.

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Koolatron (P9) holds 7 quarts \$79 \$8 S&H

Optional AC Adaptor (AC 10)\$39 \$6 S&H

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Fossil Fools

So Which One Went to Oxford?

The similarities between Barney and Bubba run deep

During the inaugural ceremonies of 1993, Bill Clinton was at the peak of his national popularity. So, coincidentally, was Barney the Dinosaur. Since then, both have experienced Knievelian falls from public esteem. Clinton has become a punching bag for the press, while a man dressed in a purple dinosaur costume was pummeled by four boys at a Kmart opening in Galveston. How similar are these two public figures? —Bonnie Datt

Barney the Purple Dinosaur

Occasionally hosts small, informal garden party...

Gets rid of youthful co-workers when they hit puberty...

Overweening desire to be liked resulted in label of "The best friend of all..."

Grows and shrinks by magic...

Was sued by a woman for alleged copyright infringement over the words to the song "I Love You"...

Believes that sharing is healthy...

Voice is supplied by Bob West...

Sings "I love you, you love me..."

Assisted by an elf named "Twynkle"...

Big Bill the Lame Duck

...sporadically leads shrinking, disorganized political party.

...gets rid of co-workers when they tell pubescent youths to masturbate.

...overweening desire to be liked resulted in label of "waffler."

...grows and shrinks by binge eating and dieting.

...is being sued by a woman for alleged sexual harassment over the words "kiss it."

...believes in sharing the cost of health care.

...voice is supplied by Michael McCurry.

...supports gays in the military.

...assisted by an ex-president named "Jimmy."



The SPY List

Jackie Onassis

Sylvester Stallone

Arnold Schwarzenegger

Tonya Harding

Claudia Schiffer

Prince Charles

Barbra Streisand

Princess Diana

RECYCLING IN L.A.



GREGORY



Phil Stern's Hollywood!

Marlon Brando mugged for Stern's kids during the filming of *Guys and Dolls*.



Shakespearean Sitcoms Out, Out, Damned Norton!

Norman Lear, Sherwood Schwartz...Bill Shakespeare? Hardly does a TV season go by without further evidence that one of the greatest script doctors in the history of the medium not only ignores Los Angeles, but has been dead for over 300 years. Hollywood-on-Avon? You be the judge. —Guy Nicolucci

SHAKESPEAREAN PRODUCTION

HOLLYWOOD SITCOM



King Lear

Ineffective monarch (Lear) listens to advice of dubious servant (Fool) on how to bring up his three daughters—to tragic effect.

The Taming of the Shrew

Tyrannical gentleman marries sharp-tongued woman, only to find out her powers are greater than his.

The Tempest

First-scene shipwreck casts away motley crew on uncharted island. Cast includes a learned man (Prospero), a titled nobleman (the king of Naples), and a stooge with a three-syllable name (Caliban). Their only hope for rescue: an Ariel.

Henry IV, Part I

Overweening fat British knight (Falstaff) holds court surrounded by scullions and sharp-tongued wenches. His foolish power-hungry schemes come to naught.



The Comedy of Errors

Twins (they walk alike, they talk alike), a peripatetic Antipholus and Dromio visit a *haimish* Antipholus and Dromio, befuddling all of Ephesus.

Romeo and Juliet

It's Montagues vs. Capulets in Italy as the kids can't help it. They marry and die.

My Three Sons

Bewildered father (Steve Douglas) listens to advice of dubious relative (Uncle Charley) on how to bring up his three sons—to comic effect.

Bewitched

Fussbudget adman marries twitchy-nosed woman, only to find out her powers are greater than his.

Gilligan's Island

Pre-credit shipwreck strands diverse group on an uncharted island. The castaways include a learned man (Professor), a millionaire (Thurston Howell III), and a stooge with a three-syllable name (Gilligan). Their only hope for rescue: a radio.



The Honeymooners

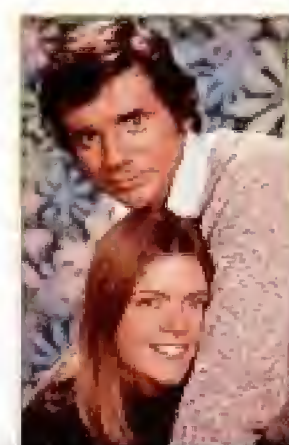
Overbearing fat Brooklyn bus driver (Ralph) lives near Court Street, surrounded by sewer workers and sharp-tongued spouse. His foolish get-rich-quick schemes consistently fail.

The Patty Duke Show

You could lose your mind when cousins are two of a kind! Wacky American Patty/Proper British Cathy discombobulate boyfriends, parents, and all of Brooklyn Heights.

Bridget Loves Bernie

It's schmaltz vs. shamrocks as the kids can't help it. The stars marry and careers die.



Celebrity Math Chapter 16 By Mark O'Donnell

$$\begin{array}{ccccccc}
 \text{(} & \text{John Malkovich} & - & \text{Dennis Hopper} & \text{) x} & \sqrt{\text{Jody Powell} + \frac{1}{2} \text{A Lizard}} & = & \text{James Carville}
 \end{array}$$

Maximum Insecurity

magazine heaven



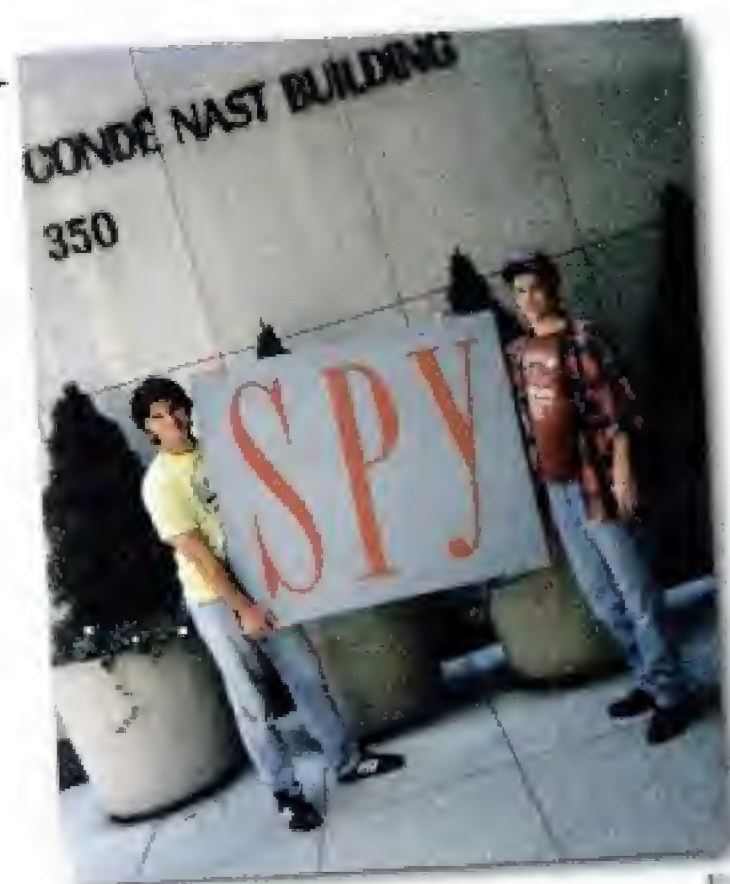
MEMORANDUM

Date : August 29, 1994

To : Mail and Messenger Area Staff

From : Gary Brownell¹

Re : Messenger Access to Floors



The recent incident on the 14th Floor² raised key procedural issues that need to be re-emphasized.

Simply stated, **under no circumstance is an outside messenger to be allowed access to any floor or area; escorted or non-escorted; other than the 9th Floor Messenger Receiving Area.**³

If a messenger insists the package must be delivered personally to the recipient, please tell the messenger that our policy does not [accept] such deliveries.⁴ The messenger may either leave the package with the Messenger Receiving Area, call his office for instructions or return the package to the sender.

Security is an important issue that is strengthened by the cooperation of all of us.⁵ You will have the full support of your management as you follow these guidelines.⁶

Thank you for your cooperation and please feel free to see me if you have any questions.⁷

cc: Bob Sapolsky⁸
Choice Courier Messenger Staff
Michael Katz,⁹ Choice Courier

What this actually means:

1. Manager of Telecommunications, Mail, and Distribution Services
2. The incident in question occurred when two SPY staffers dressed as deliverymen faked their way into the 14th floor offices of Condé Nast President Steve Florio.
3. Aside from a few askance looks from uninterested security personnel, our heroes had no trouble advancing their way through the vast, opulent lobby; boarding the elevator; and whisking themselves and their six-foot-long SPY sign up to the high regions of power.

4. Obviously, no such message was ever delivered. We believe the response resembled a slight nod in the direction of the elevator banks.

5. Mr. Florio himself was outraged at the delivery of the sign. He bounded over his desk and angrily demanded return of the Kodak FunSaver camera that had been smuggled in by one of the staffers.

6. Loosely translated: "If anything like this ever happens again, heads will roll."

7. Steve, do we still get taken out to lunch?

8. Director of Employee Programs; Assistant Corporate Secretary

9. Executive Vice President



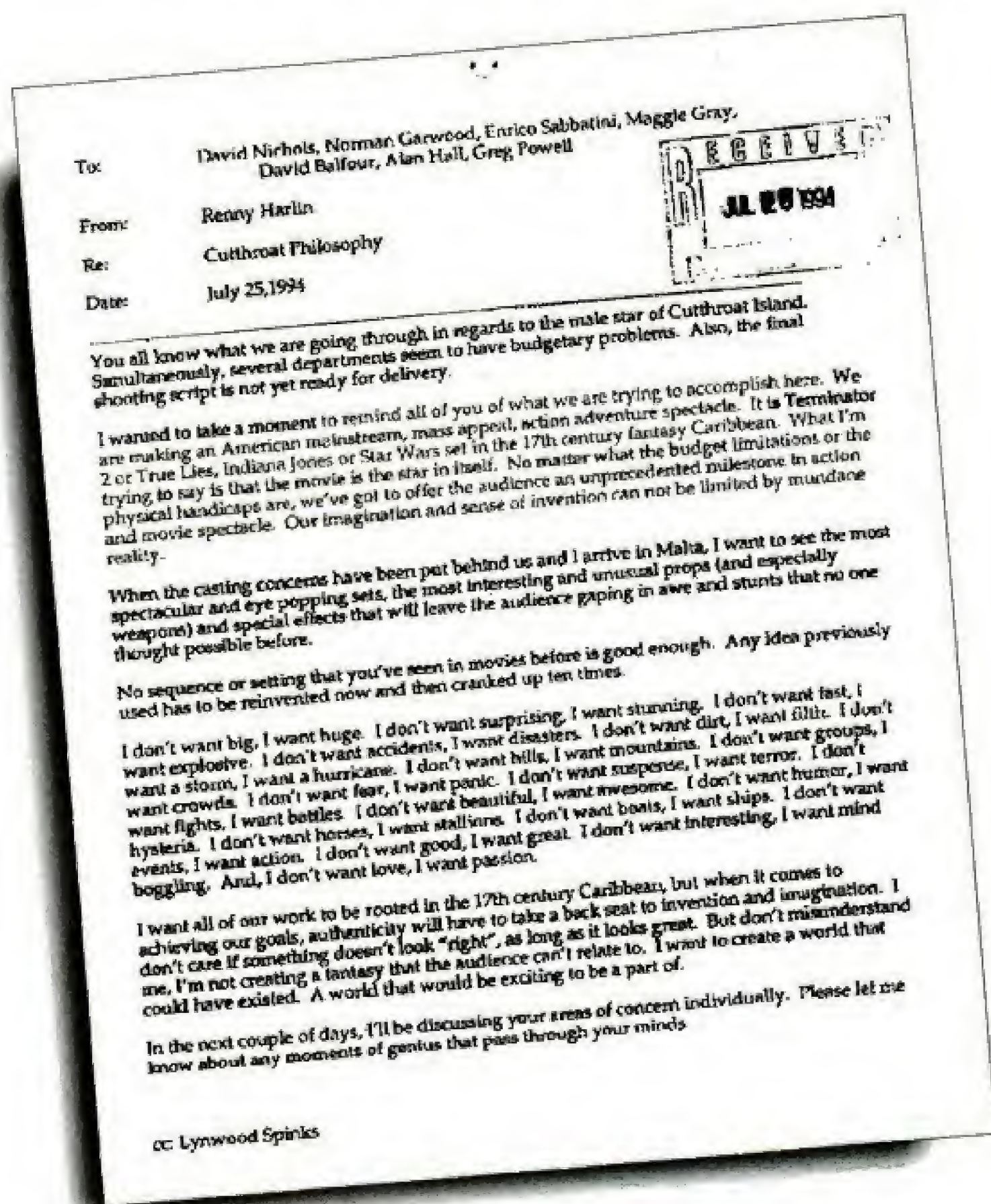
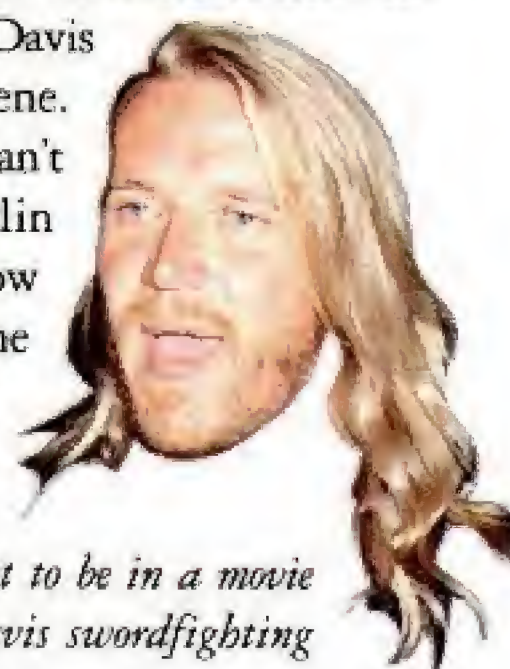
HOLLYWOOD'S OBSESSION with pirates seems never to fade, despite such dismal failures as Steven Spielberg's *Hook* and Roman "Can I Come Back Now?" Polanski's *Pirates*. The latest swashbuckler to have "disaster" written all over it is *Cutthroat Island*. The Renny (*Die Hard II*, *Cliffhanger*) Harlin-directed, Geena Davis-starring vehicle (that may do more for Michael Douglas's reputation—since he wisely bailed out of the male lead—than anyone else's) is projected to cost upwards of \$100 million, and is earmarked to be the next *Last Action Hero*.

To begin with, Renny "Mr. Scary Personality" Harlin never wanted to direct *Cutthroat Island*. Ever. That is, until his wife, Geena "The Mouth" Davis was over at Columbia, whining about how much she wanted to play the title character in that studio's *Mistress of the Seas*. Paul Verhoeven was going to direct, and Columbia had Harrison Ford on board "for a hot minute." Alas, Verhoeven couldn't come to terms with the budget or the studio, and left.

Harlin and Davis schmoozed on the now-directorless *Mistress* with Columbia until Carolco chief Mario Kassar waved big bucks at Harlin, wooing him on board *Cutthroat*, with Michael Douglas attached to star. Having just plunked down \$8 million for his new Santa Barbara estate and \$700,000 for his three-day wedding festival (replete with elephants, a mini-amusement park, and a specially constructed Western-town facade), Renny needed the cash.

With her loverboy in the Carolco camp, Davis reportedly went hyper to play the female lead. So Harlin not only booked her passage on *Cutthroat*, but beefed up her role whilst putting the creative squeeze on Douglas's character. Douglas, who was completely satisfied with the original script, soon saw the writing on the wall and was ready to bolt from the project.

Though they were assuredly loath to lose box-office draw Douglas, instead of placating him, they added more script for Davis. Now Douglas wouldn't even appear until 20 minutes into the script. It escalated until Davis was featured in every scene. Given his conduct, one can't help but wonder if Harlin did it all on purpose to blow up the project because he never wanted to do the film in the first place. Douglas simply may have wondered: *Why do I want to be in a movie that opens with Geena Davis swordfighting*



twelve pirates, while I'm sitting in a rowboat with a runaway slave eating bananas?

While Harlin was in Los Angeles, an enormous crew was being assembled on Malta. The ace production designer was begging to know what the director wanted and—getting no feedback—built an incredible set with a construction budget gone haywire because nobody knew what Harlin wanted.

Everyone involved assumed instead that he was working on the Davis star-rer *Speechless*, but he really didn't do much on that film except hog "producer" credit. Harlin was noticeably absent from Malta, and had no role in organizing the set there. The leaderless crew lived by the credo "If they build it, will he come?"

Harlin's advance word to the crew (see memo) was, "...the movie is the star in itself. No matter what the budget limitations [are, we]...cannot be limited by mundane reality." Meanwhile, still in preproduction, Carolco was trying to toe the overall-budget line at \$60 million. Fat chance. At this point the feeling on location was that the film would never get made. The start date kept moving. The crew had arrived in March—six months before shooting began in October. The boat coordinator was building the biggest movie pirate ship ever made, and it kept sinking under its own weight.

Throughout Harlin's stateside squabbling, the morale on Malta was the worst ever seen on a motion picture. Many A-list males were approached to replace Douglas, including Ralph Fiennes, Michael Keaton, and Keanu Reeves—Reeves was offered over \$5 million. They all said no way. So, in the end, Matthew Modine got the male lead. Kind of a joke in itself: Anyone remember his other boat picture, *Wind*? Didn't think so.

When Harlin finally decided to go to Malta, his entourage preceded him. His assistants, many of whom had never worked on a film before, were sent as an advance team to scare up junk food for him and Davis. They spent too much time rustling up cherry jam and diet sodas. His assistant directors were hired based on "who kissed his ass the most."



Harlin also brought in a huge security team, which is funny, because no one on Malta knew who Harlin or Davis were, nor did they care. But Harlin thought it very important to ship in his *Cliffhanger* security team, his bodyguards, and his Mercedes so he could have all the creature comforts of home on location—not to mention the creatures themselves. Harlin even brought his dog—spending at least \$15,000 to expedite Maltese quarantine red tape and claiming that the dog would appear in the film.

When he finally did arrive, the first order of business for Harlin was to practically double the budget with stupid pet tricks and silly special-effects ideas. He actually sat down in a meeting and told everyone that he wanted "dancing cacti." Yes, when the actors wash up on the Isle of Cutthroat, they wade through quicksand and are met with cacti that dance around because they are filled with spiders. Then the cacti explode, sending spiders everywhere. You see, he wanted to make the island really scary.

At this point, the message from Malta was that *Cutthroat Island* was on its way to becoming the worst-produced, worst-organized mess in film history, and the whole crew wasn't even there yet. Spending was averaging \$1.5 million a week, and it was a sure bet that the budget would soar over \$100 million.

This was the last roll of the dice for Mario Kassar, and he was clearly crapping out. After all, \$7 million for Geena Davis to star? And Harlin gets \$5 million to direct and produce? What has he done: *Ford Fairlane*? *Nightmare on Elm Street IV*? *Die Hard II* was a hit, but Joel Silver basically directed that one, and Harlin had little to say in the editing process. Even the success of *Cliffhanger* is quietly credited to the Second Unit (action creatives), of which Harlin wasn't a part.

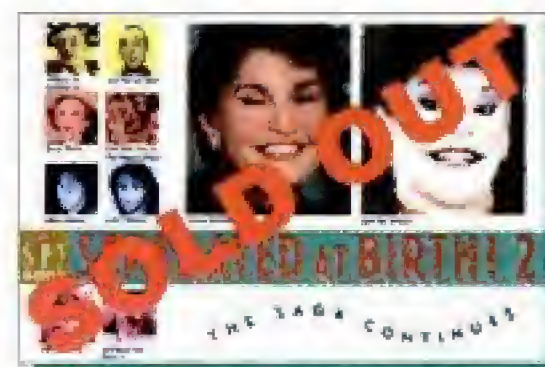
It just doesn't add up. Before even a roll of film was shot, *Cutthroat Island* cost \$25 million. And there's a big fear that men will hate the film because the women get all the action and the male characters are so wimpy. Call it "Harlin's Gate." —C.C. Baxter

REQUIRED READING

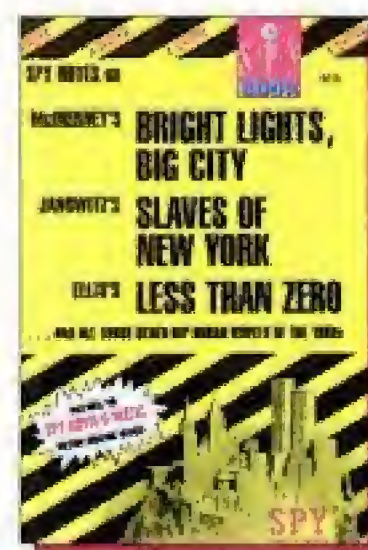
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Okay, visualize this: I invite you into my house, put you on a massage table, and start whacking your liver with the palm of my hand. To emphasize the particularly hard whacks, I lean forward and shout "HUP!" into your ear. At one point I give you a big red balloon to hug, but when you're not looking I pop it with a pin. This continues for more than an hour.



Let me explain. You are not being tortured. On the contrary, you have just begun releasing a lifetime (several lifetimes, actually) of angst through something known as the "tap/snap release method" or the "LaChance Method of Cellular Repatterning." And this literally whacky form of psychotherapy is just one of the roads to emotional wellness you can follow through the cleansing mists of the New Age. As a result, wellness listings in alternative newspapers swarm with counselors offering keys to a brand new karma, challenging us with: *Are you ready for the next step in your spiritual growth?*

Of course we are. Growth is always a good thing. But it's even better when you can do it the super-efficient, New Age way—that is, with the help of spirit guides, angels, the accrued experience of past lives, and a psychic telescope focused on tomorrow's headlines. Sound fantastic? Well, in the New Age, the miraculous is an everyday proposition. We're talking professionals promising to:

- View future and past lives.
- Quickly and completely release the traumatic memories from the cellular level.
- Conduct soul, power-animal, and guardian-spirit retrievals.
- Resolve original birth traumas.

So who needs Prozac when a friendly, nurturing New Ager can, for a reasonable hourly rate, take your problems directly to the angels? Of course, you'll have to abandon the constraints of the linear world, but the rewards can be *spectacular*. You are going to grow. You are going to heal. You are going to give yourself over to the mind-readers, incense-burners, vision-seekers, light-embracers, wolf-runners, drum-beaters, and liver-whackers. A rainbow coalition of mystics, all with a permanent on-ramp to God's Metaphysical Superhighway.

The first thing the New Age teaches us is that if your life isn't everything you hoped it would be, you're probably being victimized by something in your past. Don't be too concerned, however, if you can't actually remember anyone or anything that is a likely cause for your trouble; chances are, the roots of this conflict predate your current life by several millennia. Which leads us to the second thing the New Age teaches us: Nothing is really your fault.

I began to grasp this rather attractive concept during a session with Ruth Childs—a self-described spiritual psychic/metaphysician/hypnotherapist. With one of Ruth's multi-life-time perspectives, I figured, I could resolve key issues from my childhood, grok on a past life or two to get a fuller sense of context, and trace a road map for the next couple hundred years. It'd be like having a CD-ROM version of my life, complete with the commentary of spirits and angels. And call me crazy, but I find it compelling to think that my current existence, such as it is, might actually be influenced by years spent as a rifleman in the French Foreign Legion.

As it turns out, life as a free-lance writer is something of a come-down for me. To see me pad around in my broken-down Nikes and rumpled T-shirt is never to guess that I had once

DAVE WHAMMOND

Welcome to the Metaphysical Superhighway

sauntered the earth as an Andes mountain man, a hot-blooded 17th-century swain, and an ascendant Samurai warrior. Not only that, but it is the mountain man's fatal fall that accounts for my fear of heights; a Renaissance-era romantic duel that distances me from my brother; and a still-bitter Samurai rival who's blocking my career path.

I'm not making this up. These visions come to Ruth like a TV picture, she explains, and are supposedly what allow her to charge \$60 an hour.

When I ask her to describe my future, she squeezes her eyes shut for a moment. "I'm getting a random image of a

To see me pad around in my broken-down Nikes and my rumpled T-shirt is never to guess that I had once sauntered the earth as an Andes mountain man, a hot-blooded 17th-century swain, and an ascendant Samurai warrior.

camel," she begins. "...I don't know what [this] means, but I see you at the top of a dead volcano. And you're on this golden bicycle, and everything is in the green energy, the green light...I see a lot of lights criss-crossing through your life." When she opens her eyes she giggles, "Are you happy being a man? Perhaps you might opt to be a female next time."

So. Camels, volcanoes, bicycles, light shows, gender confusion. Is Ruth tuning into *my* future or the future of Siegfried and Roy?

Then again, maybe *I'm* the one blocking my spiritual growth. After all, I've long since felt that I'm not as happy or successful as I should be. In fact, I've often wondered if my subconscious has sabotaged me into scoring low on my SATs, drinking far too much in college, and becoming a sour, under-achieving adult. A sad state of affairs, which brings us to the third thing the New Age teaches us: Being a victim is

hard, but recovery can be easy!

Lacking faith in my own ability to visualize my way to health, I decided to focus my sights heavenward. Suddenly I discovered the fourth thing the New Age teaches us: God exists, and what's more, (s)he's a hands-on deity, always eager to get involved.

Come to think of it, that's quite an affirming notion. To see one's self as a product of a greater universal force is to dismiss all those troubling existential ideas about being a speck of dirt lost in an empty, meaningless universe.

So much for Sartre.

And how *comforting* it is to realize that many of one's complex emotional/life problems are in fact just the symptoms of some out-of-order Universal Life Energy satellite dish.

In that spirit, we might call Sheila King not just a Reiki healer, but a satellite dish repairwoman. Reiki happens to be quite a remarkable therapy. With one simple gesture, Sheila directs the universal energy into a healing force: She heals wounds and illnesses by laying her hands on a patient's body. In doing so, she offers "unconditional love" and "life-long support." A heady job, especially for a middle-aged woman with soft blue eyes and a penchant for loose, colorful clothing.

Reiki treatments are so powerful, Sheila says, that many clients report significant improvements almost immediately. Yet mainstream doctors report the same thing when they douse patients with placebos (i.e., miracle drugs). Does that mean we can deduct crystals and whooshy New Age CDs as legitimate health care expenses?

No, which brings us to the fifth and final thing the New Age teaches us: When it comes to spiritual revelation, you'll only see it when you believe it. Spiritualism is like computer software—if it doesn't come already loaded into your hard drive, you won't be able to run the program. I tried, God knows I tried, but each time I logged on to the recovery lane of the metaphysical superhighway, all I saw on my screen were a scattering of random characters and a couple of sharp rebukes: Invalid command. Try again. —*Daniel Beekley*

SPY

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Human Cargo

"The new management team in Detroit is a far more thoughtful group of leaders perhaps than many, many years ago, when safety wasn't as high a priority as it is today."—Transportation Secretary Federico Peña

MIKE LUCKOVICH
FOR SPY MAGAZINE

Our cars are equipped with the ultimate safety feature! Those little styrofoam packing peanuts!...



A GUY WATCHES A COUPLE OF NIGHTS of prime-time television and discovers that he needs—needs—a new car. I'd been perfectly content with the one I have, but to sit through a few episodes of *E.R.*, *Frasier*, and *Northern Exposure* and the dozens of intermittent "21st-century" car ads trumping a "vast array of new technology" is to take another gander at one's crusty old 20th-century car and find it wanting. Every few minutes comes another checklist of crucial safety features I apparently don't have: crumple zones, side-impact beams, steel safety shells, all-speed traction control, and on and on. Clearly, safety has become an imperative for Detroit. "It is a world of total confidence," croons Martin Sheen about the new Toyota Avalon. "Experience the tranquillity." I'm ready to join that club.

But first, some amplification. An ad for the Dodge Neon vaunts its safety features, so I call up Detroit for a few more details. The Neon is "extremely safe," Chrysler's Michael Mihelich tells me. Its side-impact beams, he explains vividly, are "kind of like a roll cage on a race car. It duplicates that."

Yes, yes. I want one of those.

"It's a very safe car," Mihelich reiterates. "It passes all the government safety standards, of course. We have our own internal Chrysler targets that it passes, which are above and beyond the government standards."

Above and beyond—that's exactly the kind of corporate rigor I'm after. Just to confirm, I place a second call, to Clarence Ditlow, director of the Center for Auto Safety in Washington, D.C. I ask him about Chrysler's exacting internal standards.

"They're basically bull," he says.

The Neon, it turns out, is not one of the many cars already meeting the 1997 government side-impact standards. "You can have a side-impact beam, but that doesn't mean you are going to have great side-impact injury protection," Ditlow explains.

By law, *all* cars sold in the United States have had some sort of side-impact protection for more than 20 years. And side-impact "beams" are nearly as common as seat belts. "The [1997] standard requires more than just a beam," Ditlow says. "It requires an energy-absorbing structure in the side of the vehicle such that you won't have a life-threatening injury. While they may have a beam, they do not meet [that standard]."

He suggests I find out how the Neon performs in government crash tests. I put that question to Chrysler's Mihelich, who suddenly runs out of selling steam. "We don't give out all the numbers on that," he demurs.

A few hours later, I get the same clammy response from a spokesman for Hyundai, Bill Wolf, regarding the Elantra sedan. This is the car that Jeff Goldblum smarmily endorses on TV as having been designed for the protection of its "precious" human cargo. Wolf and I have a lengthy, detailed chat about "transverse-mounted engines" and a 4-wheel, "independently modulated" anti-lock braking system, but when we come to the question of crash tests,

MIKE LUCKOVICH

his proverbial file drawer gets stuck and his memory freezes up. "I don't have that information handy," he tells me, "and I don't recall offhand exactly how it's rated."

Fortunately, others do have the information handy. The National Highway Traffic Safety Administration operates an auto-safety hotline, and offers free faxed data to anyone interested (202-366-0123). While it is true that both cars "pass" government crash tests, neither graduate with honors, to put it kindly. The overall Neon scores are below average when compared to other passenger cars, according to Jay Einhorn, co-author of *The Car Book*. The Elantra's "precious" cargo, meanwhile, gets knocked around pretty bad in dummy crashes. The driver seems secure enough, but the front-seat passenger has a 70 percent likelihood of receiving a life-threatening injury in a serious crash.

The Elantra ad also crows about its crumple zones. "You hear a lot of manufacturers touting that they have that," Einhorn says. "The truth is that all cars have crumple zones. What they're saying is that the front end of a car is designed to crumple in an impact. All cars are designed to do that."

You might not have heard General Motors boasting about its crumple zones until very recently. That's because most of their pre-'93 cars have the dubious feature of a "crumple zone in the passenger compartment," says Donald Friedman, a safety expert and former General Motors employee. "Which is not a good place to have it."

Of course, the whole crumpling matter would be moot if everyone would just remember to drive *intelligently* and not crash. From the *Ethics, Inc.* archive: "We must depend on intelligent use," GM president John F. Gordon insisted to his colleagues in 1961. Understandably frustrated by "radical" safety proponents demanding that seat belts be built into every car at no extra cost, Gordon stuck by his thrifty industry alternative: hope. "The suggestion that we abandon hope of teaching drivers to avoid traffic accidents and concentrate on designing

cars that will make collisions harmless is a perplexing combination of defeatism and wishful thinking."

The first serious auto-safety regulations were introduced in 1966, in the aftermath of Ralph Nader's *Unsafe at Any Speed*. But by 1971, Ford president Lee Iacocca was forced to intervene at the highest level. "How important is safety?" Iacocca rhetorically asked a sympathetic Richard Nixon in a secret 1971 Oval Office meeting (the conversation was preserved for history by Nixon's famous tape machine).

"The shoulder harnesses, the headrests are complete wastes of money," Iacocca said. "We have no doubt that it saves lives. [But] every hundred dollars [per car] is a billion dollars a year.... You can see that safety has really killed all of our business." Answering his plea, Nixon stomped out all pending safety regulations. Air bags and other fanciful life-saving devices were delayed for years.

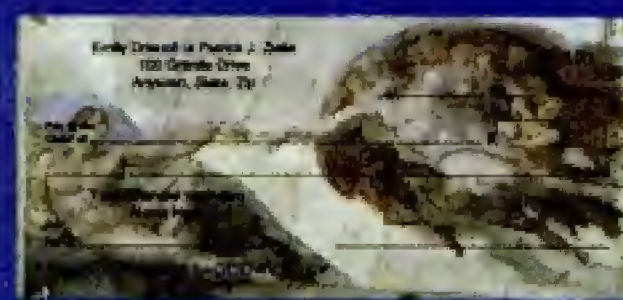
With more than 40,000 deaths on U.S. roads in 1993, motor-vehicle crashes are still the leading cause of death among Americans between 1 and 34 years old. What do today's wishful radicals call for? Safety experts argue that additional interior padding (\$25-\$50) could prevent some 10,000 injuries and save more than 1,400 lives each year. Stronger, reinforced car roofs (\$50) would help severely limit the more than 9,000 annual deaths from car rollovers.

As would an end to the drive-over-the-mountain TV spot. "Ads that show vehicles being driven recklessly is something that frustrates us," a car-safety specialist tells me. "In the ad, the car goes veering off the road. But these sport utility vehicles have a very high propensity to roll over." Also, seats. "The seat track standard is grossly inadequate," Ditlow says. "We often find seats collapsing in crashes... what they have now breaks loose too easily."

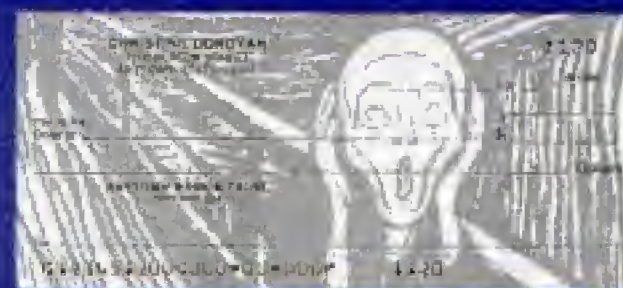
Seats breaking loose? Roofs getting crushed? Heads getting bashed? Not exactly a world of total confidence. But come to think of it, it does sort of duplicate the tranquillity of a race car.

—David Shenk

Rosencrantz & Guildenstern Exceptional Banknotes



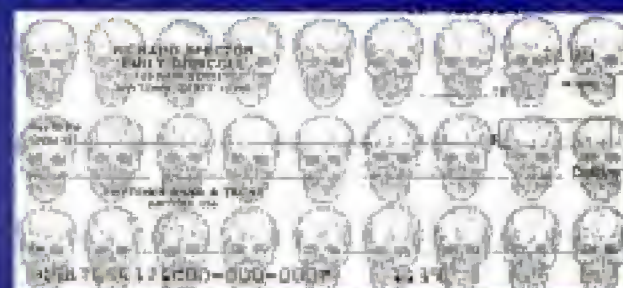
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HOLLY

Coming Soon to a Town Near

flame-retardant snow, and minor
worry, there's free Coke and pizza



WOO

ap You... Block-long trailers,
containable explosions; but don't
in it for you. By Marla Matzer





ALL ACROSS AMERICA, FILM COMMISSIONERS ARE YAPPING

"COME FILM HERE! (CITY OR STATE NAME) IS (CORNY, UPBEAT PUN) FOR MOVIES!" MEANWHILE, ALL ACROSS AMERICA, EVERYBODY ELSE IS SHOUTING "HOLLYWOOD GO HOME!" YES, AMERICA THE BEAUTIFUL, ONCE THE WORLD'S BIGGEST BACKLOT, IS NOW SCORCHED EARTH. SHELL-SHOCKED RESIDENTS OF PHOTOGENIC NEIGHBORHOODS, DEGRADED ETHNIC TYPES, HORRIFIED GUARDIANS OF FRAGILE ENVIRONMENTS, AND HISTORIC MONUMENTS...ALL ARE, TO PARAPHRASE THE PETER FINCH CHARACTER IN THE FILM *NETWORK*, "MAD AS HELL."



Mississippi Burning created an unpopular image of townspeople.

Remember when that Hollywood production came to town? Remember thinking how neat it was that in a few months you could go to the movies and see places that were part of your everyday life on the screen? Remember how exciting it was to know that inside that trailer was some big movie star?

And remember how that Supertrain-long trailer's generator rumbled and whined into the night for three weeks straight, along with generators of the many other trailers that clogged your street and forced you to park blocks away—a lesson learned painfully after your car was towed from right in front of your house?

And remember how the entire film crew, even the bare chested blubber boy who just seemed to stand there all day with a walkie-talkie in his hand doing nothing—except when he was peeing in your bushes—acted like some elite cadre of blessed superhumans, and wouldn't even give you a straight answer when you politely asked what the movie was and who was in it?

And remember how, after they wrapped, the star of the movie called your town "a living hell, except it's not living" and you and your friends "a big bunch of racist morons," and how they superglued pine cones to all your maple trees, and how they cut all the power lines because the wires were making too much noise, and how they used you as an extra but shot you with a fisheye lens and digitally blacked out your teeth to make you look extra demented?

Well, then, you know what can happen when Hollywood comes to town.

Hell's Gate

All across America, film commissioners are yapping, "Come film here! (State or City name) is (corny, upbeat pun) for movies!" Meanwhile, also across America, everybody else is shouting, "Hollywood go home!" Yes, America the beautiful, once the world's biggest backlot, is now scorched earth. Shell-shocked residents of photogenic neighborhoods, degraded ethnic types, horrified guardians of fragile environments and historic monuments...all are, to paraphrase the Peter Finch character in *Network*, "mad as hell."

The ultra-arrogance of Hollywood on location has never

been more imperious than today, though you might get an argument from old-timers at Glacier National Park, Montana, where Michael Cimino trucked in tons of rustic dirt for the fictional town in *Heaven's Gate*: The soil leached into Two Medicine Lake, and the grass underneath it died. Yet the most stirring memory of the filming for many remains the scene in which a live cow was butchered.

(It was not until Charles Grodin, et al., filmed *Beethoven's 2nd* that another movie was made at Glacier National Park—fortunately, officials there report no damage, and no butchered-alive Saint Bernard.)

A few years ago, Mississippians expecting a *Backdraft* sort of thing were acutely surprised to find that the Gene Hackman/Willem Dafoe film *Mississippi Burning* was not about firefighters but about something else altogether, and that it made them look kinda mean and dumb. State film commissioner (now state Senator) John Horhn vented his displeasure to a *Los Angeles Times* reporter, to whom he explained that “the Jewish community controls the media.” Ward Emling, a current employee of the Mississippi Film Office, simply asserts, “It wasn’t fair that [in the movie] all the people in the town were so ugly.”

Maverick Spirits

Such carping, however, is the exception; the job of a film commissioner is not to police filmmakers, but to attract business. Policing filmmakers is the job of, well, nobody. Warner Bros., for one, has set out the “Filmmaker’s Code of Professional Responsibility” that counsels against such antics as displaying pinup posters, wearing “clothing that lacks common sense and good taste,” and “[using] lewd or improper language within earshot of the general public.” Violators of the code shall be severely... actually, it doesn’t say.

This code, of course, comes from the very same corporation that brought you Madonna’s book *Sex* and Ice-T’s infamous “Cop Killer” song.

Perhaps the Warners-funded makers of the Mel Gibson/Jodie Foster film *Maverick* were too busy crafting their p.c. Western to peruse this code as they prepared to shoot at the site of the Manzanar relocation camp, on the eastern slope of the High Sierras. Thousands of Japanese-Americans were interned here during World War II, and the historic site—which contains the remains of the camp, including a small cemetery—is now in the process of being turned over to the National Park Service from the Department of Water and Power (which received a location fee from the producers, just as it did from the federal government soon after Pearl Harbor was attacked).

According to Sue Embrey, director of the Manzanar Committee, who was actually interned at Manzanar with her family for over a 17-month period, “The *Maverick* production damaged a great deal of property. When you run cattle and horses and covered wagons and equipment over land, you damage the surface. They made roads where there were none

ACCORDING TO SUE EMBREY, DIRECTOR OF THE MANZANAR COMMITTEE, “THE MAVERICK PRODUCTION [COMPANY] DAMAGED A GREAT DEAL OF PROPERTY. WHENEVER YOU



RUN CATTLE AND HORSES AND COVERED WAGONS AND EQUIP-

MENT OVER LAND, YOU DAMAGE THE SURFACE. NOW PEOPLE CAN EASILY DRIVE INTO THE AREA AND DO MORE DAMAGE. THEY HAVE NO REGARD FOR HISTORICAL CONCERNS OR HUMAN HISTORY.” ARCHEOLOGIST JEFF BURTON ADDS THAT THE AREA ALSO CONTAINS MANY NATIVE AMERICAN ARTIFACTS, SOME OF WHICH WERE CRUNCHED UNDER THE COMPANY’S VEHICLES.



For *The Doors*, Oliver Stone painted over some Indian pictographs.

THEN THERE WAS THE CELEBRATED CASE OF MITCHELL CAVERNS NATURAL PRESERVE IN THE MOJAVE DESERT, WHERE OLIVER STONE INTENDED TO PAINT SOME EASILY ERASABLE INDIAN PICTOGRAPHS ON A CAVE WALL FOR JIM MORRISON'S ACID TRIP IN *THE DOORS*. BUMMER, MAN—



THEY TURNED OUT TO BE, LIKE, *REALLY* INDELIBLE. AFTER PROTESTS BY SIERRA CLUBBERS AND OTHERS, CHEMICAL EXPERTS WERE BROUGHT IN AND THE BOGUS PICTOGRAPHS REMOVED. (IRONICALLY, RANGERS REPORT, MANY VISITORS COME EXPECTING TO SEE THE PICTOGRAPHS AND ARE DISAPPOINTED.)



Blown Away's Boston TNT party blasted away a few windows, etc.

before. Now people can easily drive into the area and do more damage. They have no regard for historical concerns or human history."

Archeologist Jeff Burton, who headed the post-filming Parks Department survey of the Manzanar area, reports, "All the ground cover is gone. There's no grass, no brush. They pulled out trees and moved them to where they looked better for filming. There's really no way to repair the damage."

Both Embrey and Burton adds that the area also contains many Native American artifacts from pre-pioneer days, some of which were crunched under the wheels of the production company's vehicles.

Like, Indelible, Man

Which calls to mind the celebrated case of Mitchell Caverns Natural Preserve in the Mojave Desert, where Oliver Stone intended to paint some easily erasable Indian pictographs on a cave wall for Jim Morrison's acid trip in *The Doors*. Bummer, man—they turned out to be, like, *really* indelible. After protests by irate Sierra Clubbers and others, chemical experts were brought in and the bogus pictographs removed. (Ironically, rangers report, many visitors come expecting to see the pictographs and are disappointed to learn they have been erased.)

Less well known but even more heinous is the case of the Disney Petroglyphs, in Joshua Tree National Monument. Sometime in the 1960s, for one of Disney's filmic paeans to the grandeur of nature (no one, including the Disney archives, could provide the title), a wall of ancient Native American petroglyphs was painted over—re-imagineered, if you will—by a Disney crew in more vibrant, photogenic hues. The site is still known unofficially as the Disney Petroglyphs, although a recent visit revealed no cartoon mice, etc. Lucky Uncle Walt: If he had so vandalized a mere vehicle in justice-loving Singapore, his icy carcass would today be sporting painful welts.

Wrecking the environment has long been a secondary activity of whale-saving, Rainforest Crunch-scarfing Hollywood Greenpeaceniks. In 1987 the versatile Shah of Irony, Chevy Chase, starred in *Funny Farm*, a fish-out-of-water knee-slapper. But there was nothing "funny" about the 11 maple trees (of a total of 14) that died in the picture-perfect Townshend, Vermont, town commons after fire-retardant foam was sprayed on the trees to simulate snow.

Speaking of "no price too high for a pointless movie," the makers of *Terminal Velocity* were given permission—against objections by environmentalists—to drop 10 Cadillacs by helicopter onto a wilderness area administered by the Bureau of Land Management. One of the Caddies strayed off course into a protected area of rare and ancient bristlecone pine trees, and another leaked antifreeze all over our wilderness. The film's producers, Interscope, claim to have tidied up the "virtually undamaged" sites, and were assessed a shockingly paltry \$1,500 fine.

Reality Really Bites

Yes, film producers apparently think it's their birthright—not as taxpayers, but as puffed-up megalomaniacs—to film on public land. And they get away with it because there is no central film-permit office for national parks and other public real estate. Each site's management deals with filmmakers individually, which effectively leaves the decision up to one possibly starstruck ranger. Sites of historical or architectural significance are also both drawing cards and cannon fodder.

Blown Away, the largest, loudest, and longest production—more than three months of traffic tie-ups and police barricades—ever mounted in Boston, threw a little TNT party in Boston Harbor that blew out hundreds of windows and deafened innocent seafood.

For the final night of shooting, an old tug was demolished in the East Harbor in a series of concussions registering 4.5 on the Richter scale. Several blocks abutting the harbor were evacuated by bus to the airport Ramada, where about 100 refugees were dished up a pizza-and-Cokes banquet fit for a king.

According to Lou Torrone, owner of the *East Boston Times*, whose office had many large windows—heh heh—blown away, “They didn’t wanna board our windows up, and I knew it was gonna blow. They overdid it.”

Bob Wein, of Al’s Shoes, across from the *Times* building, cheerfully recalls the evening. “The final explosion was the one that blew my window out. Some glass fell from above and hit my daughter.”

Sometimes a movie company inflicts damage not on the street but on the screen. Steven Seagal, for example, made it through an Alaska shoot without instigating a tundral furor, but when his opus, *On Deadly Ground*, came out, the whale blubber hit the fan.

As soon as the film was released and was briefly kicking box-office butt, Apanguluk Charlie Kairaiuak, a Yup’ik Indian actor hired as a cultural adviser for the film, lashed out at Seagal’s inaccuracies and misrepresentations of Alaskan native culture. Apparently, the balding punchmeister’s conceit had been to depict spear-chucking, pelt-wearing Eskimos living in an igloo village, like in an old Chilly Willy cartoon. (Charlie did, however, manage to talk him out of some of this.)

What, there aren’t *really* topless Nanookie of the North prayer circles? Cancel our reservations.

Just as an appearance in a movie can boost a product’s sales—such as Reese’s Pieces in *E.T.*—so can a negative reference damage a product’s image. According to Steve Ross, vice president of worldwide promotion for Twentieth Century Fox, studio legal departments don’t always go to the trouble of clearing every product seen in a movie, “They’ll either try to clear it legally, or make a judgment on whether it’s appropriate usage,” he says.

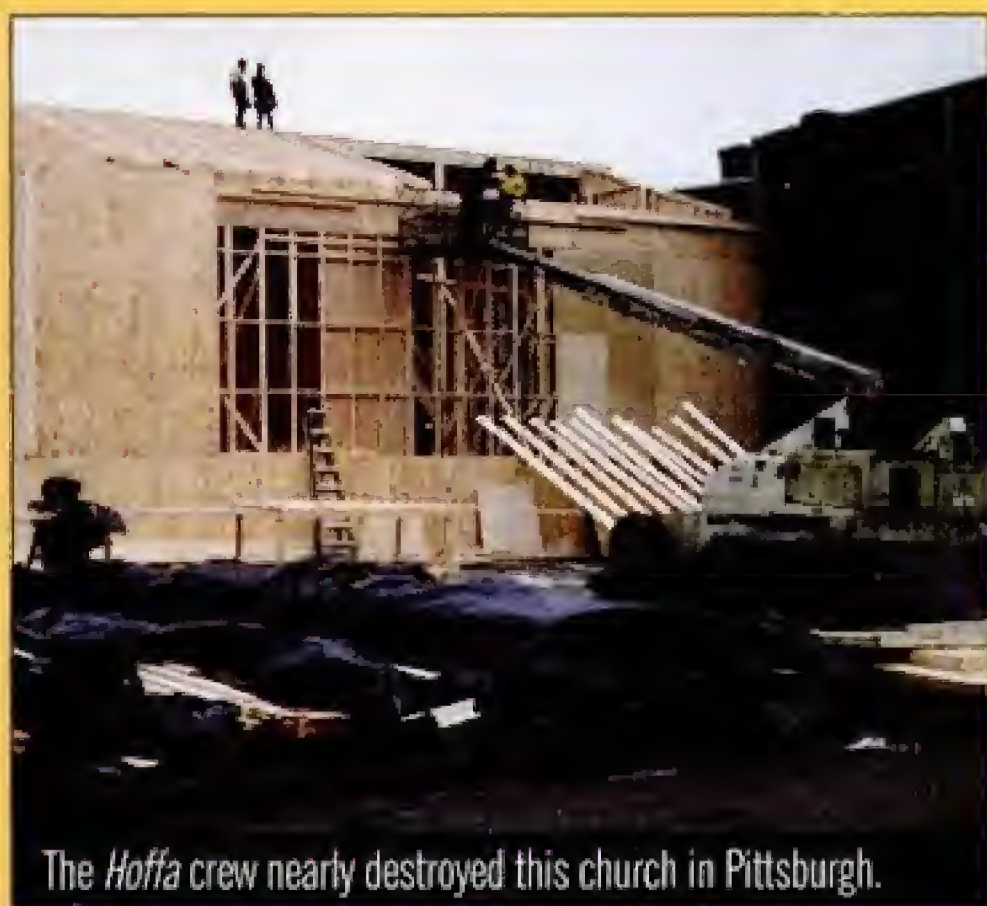
Perhaps the makers of *Reality Bites* consider it “appropriate usage” when Winona Ryder counsels a pizza-needy friend, “Don’t order from Domino’s—they support Operation Rescue.” But does Domino’s consider it appropriate?

BLOWN AWAY, THE LARGEST, LOUDEST, AND LONGEST PRODUCTION—MORE THAN THREE MONTHS OF TRAFFIC TIE-UPS AND POLICE BARRICADES—EVER MOUNTED IN BOSTON, THREW A LITTLE TNT PARTY IN BOSTON HARBOR THAT BLEW OUT HUNDREDS OF WINDOWS. FOR THE FINAL NIGHT OF SHOOTING, SEVERAL BLOCKS ABUTTING THE HARBOR WERE EVACUATED BY BUS TO THE AIRPORT RAMADA, WHERE ABOUT 100 REFUGEES WERE DISHED UP A PIZZA-AND-COKES BANQUET. BOB WEIN, A TOWNSMAN, RECALLS THE EVENING: IN THE EXPLOSION, “SOME GLASS FELL FROM ABOVE AND HIT MY DAUGHTER.”



Bruce Feinberg with Jerry Orbach on the set of *Law & Order*.

SOMETIMES A FILM COMPANY INFLICTS DAMAGE NOT ON THE STREET BUT ON THE SCREEN. WITH STEVEN SEAGAL'S *ON DEADLY GROUND*, FOR INSTANCE, THE WHALE BLUBBER HIT THE FAN. APANGULUK CHARLIE KAIRAIUAK, A YUP'IK INDIAN ACTOR HIRED AS A CULTURAL ADVISER FOR THE FILM, LASHED OUT AT SEAGAL'S INACCURACIES AND MISREPRESENTATIONS OF ALASKAN NATIVE CULTURE. APPARENTLY SEAGAL'S CONCEIT HAD BEEN TO DEPICT SPEAR-CHUCKING, PELT-WEARING ESKIMOS LIVING IN AN IGLOO VILLAGE, WHICH CLEARLY REMINDED KAIRAIUAK AND MANY OTHERS OF AN OLD CHILLY WILLY CARTOON.



The *Hoffa* crew nearly destroyed this church in Pittsburgh.

"We're not really happy about that," says Tim McIntyre, national director of communications for Domino's, "for the main reason that it's absolutely untrue. Our legal department is going to contact them." He adds, "If we have any political agenda, it's to get people to eat delivered pizzas."

Coincidentally or not, the logo for Pizza Hut, which no doubt has a similar agenda, appears prominently in *Reality Bites*—and looking to our eyes like a paid product placement—as the sponsor of Winona's butchered short film.

Innocent Enough?

Occasionally, when a location shoot threatens to damage the image of the location itself, a regional film office will have to squelch individual concerns for a nebulous "greater good." Officials in charge of New York City's subway system, the MTA, attempted in vain last year to stave off yet another crime-in-the-subway movie, *The Money Train*. But film production is perceived as a "money train" riding into town in itself, and when it looked like this one might pull out, Mayor Rudolph Giuliani, along with the city and state film offices, went into arm-twisting mode.

Indeed, upon inquiry we received a hyperbolic pronouncement from Bruce Feinberg, of the Governor's Office of Motion Picture and TV Development. "*The Money Train* is on track for New York!" he gushed. Referring to objections by the railroaded MTA, he said, "I respect their mandate tremendously. My mandate is to attract and service film and video production. If you go to any other city where they have a [subway] system, a movie can shoot there and make it look like New York anyway."

Filmmakers have a mandate too: to shoot anywhere they want anytime they want. And we have no choice but to respect that mandate tremendously (and maybe to get them to eat delivered pizzas).

Just ask the Rev. W. David Schorr of Pittsburgh, who met that mandate head-on in 1992. "You can bet your boots it's good," he told the *New York Times* about his Most Holy Name of Jesus Church nabbing not one, but two big Hollywood features. Two bloody, expletive-laden, R-rated films and several hellacious potholes in the church parking lot later, Father Schorr isn't betting any more priestly footwear on the beneficence of the movie business.

"The *Hoffa* production's heavy equipment left large indent impressions in the parking lot," he explains. "They didn't want to take care of it at first; they hemmed and hawed. Finally, somebody fell in one of the holes, and they came out and repaired it."

The other not-altogether-reverent film shot at Most Holy Name was *Innocent Blood*, criminally talented comedy mega-maestro John Landis's attempt to recapture that *An American Werewolf in London* chills-and-giggles magic. Although the church did make a tidy profit renting the space and selling 90 cases of votive candles to the production, the movie turned out to be anything but "innocent."

Father Schorr says he was under the impression that the vampiress, played by Anne Parillaud, would never actually enter the chapel. Yet the finished film finds her not only inside, but also in a carnal feeding frenzy among the relics. And then there's the nudity and the swearing and the cannibalism and the...oh, never mind.

"The diocese has people that read scripts and approve them," says Father Schorr. "The filmmakers may not have even told them about the nudity and things in the script."

But to paraphrase Bachman-Turner Overdrive, you have not seen anything at this juncture, relatively speaking.

Think back fondly to those films you associate with the Church: *The Bells of St. Mary's*, *The Sound of Music*, *Bad Lieutenant*...BOINGGG!

Yes, St. Anthony's Rectory, in Jersey City, might better be called Our Lady of the Bad Lieutenant for allowing the filming of possibly the most disturbing and religiously *verboten* scene in cinema history: the graphic nun-rape sequence in Abel Ferrara's 1992 feel-bad policier.

We attended noon mass at St. Anthony's on Easter Sunday. Along the way we passed a Filipino video-rental shop that carried *Bad Lieutenant*—although not, to our disappointment, in the "Of Local Interest" section.

It's always exciting to visit a location from a beloved movie, and this was no exception. The Gothic detail and vaulted ceiling of St. Anthony's Church, which has a predominantly Polish congregation, was, to paraphrase Jimmie "J.J." Walker, "dynamite."

A spokesperson for the diocese told us that the pastor of the church allowed filming without informing anyone else—sorry, make that the ex-pastor of the church.

"It must have seemed innocent enough to him at the time," the spokesperson says. "He's going to have to answer to somebody for the sake of all of us. If he discovered what was really going on, if he didn't step in....He'll have to answer for that."

We'd like to think Pastor X asked, "Will there be any rapes in this movie?" and was told, "Nun."

One organization that won't stand for negative portrayals—even by newly buxom red-hot mamas in tight Navy uniforms—is the United States Armed Forces. When the makers of Demi Moore's 1992 starrer *A Few Good Men* requested permission to film on military property and use Defense Department equipment, they quickly found out they weren't in the "Top Gun" category.

"The production must submit the entire script, and we look at it from the viewpoint of whether it meets our criteria," explains Phil Strub, who handles filming requests at the Pentagon. "We let *A Few Good Men* film at Point Mugu in North Carolina for one day. But they didn't get everything they wanted. We asked for a balance in military characters of good and bad, but all five of the main characters in that movie are depicted negatively."

We think that perhaps Strub was being too harsh. After all, won't the sight of Demi in uniform help recruiting efforts?

NOW HERE'S THE GOOD NEWS: AMERICA IS BATTLING BACK. THE *WALL STREET JOURNAL* REPORTS THAT FREEDOM FIGHTERS IN LOS ANGELES ARE STROLLING ONTO MOVIE SETS WITH BUZZING CHAIN SAWS, LAWN MOWERS, VACUUM CLEANERS,

AND LEAF-BLOWERS, MAKING NOISE AND ASKING FOR

MONEY—GOOD MONEY—TO

GO AWAY. CITIZENS TIRED OF BAD-APPLE NEIGHBORS SELLING THEM OUT BY TURNING THEIR BLOCKS INTO UNIVERSAL CITY ARE CHARGING HUNDREDS OF DOLLARS TO, SAY, PLACE LIGHTS ON THEIR PROPERTY OR PARK IN FRONT OF THEIR ESTABLISHMENTS.



The *Maverick* crew damaged a great deal of pristine property.

Quiet on the Set!

Now here's the good news: America is battling back. The *Wall Street Journal* reports that freedom fighters in Los Angeles are strolling onto sets with buzzing chain saws, lawn mowers, vacuum cleaners, and leaf blowers, making lots of noise and asking for money—good money—to go away. Citizens tired of bad-apple neighbors selling them out by turning their blocks into Universal City are charging hundreds of dollars to, say, place lights on their property or park in front of their establishments.

Mike Battin, owner of Coneheads, which secures parking spaces for location production in New York, tells us, "People will see a film truck pull up and they'll park right behind it so it can't unload. Then they'll demand money to get out of the way."

Is this giving in to extortion? "It's a kindness, a gratuity," he says.

When Hollywood feels guilty—or, more likely, needs to come back for

reshoots—they might offer compensation to residents. When they do, people grab it. According to Bob Wein, whose shoe store was damaged by the *Blown Away* blasts, everybody hopped aboard that money train.

"One guy says they destroyed the foundation of his house, but his house was already bad. One woman said twenty windows were blown out, but she had been trying to get them repaired for twenty years. The glass companies went wild: Here at the shoe store, they charged four hundred dollars for one pane of glass, which would normally cost one hundred fifty to two hundred dollars."

If there is a hero of this grass-roots rebellion, it is certainly New York's Mustafa Majeed. Majeed resurfaced in 1994 after a three-year hiatus, having successfully fought extortion charges related to the construction industry. "I am a kamikaze," he told the *New York Times* in 1991.

Indeed, his methods are intimidating and effective. His mission is to force producers to hire more blacks and

Hispanics, especially in positions that might lead to union membership.

"We were notified that they were shooting at 3 A.M. in black neighborhoods in Brooklyn," Majeed says of his early days. "Nobody was doing anything about it. People couldn't sleep. So we went in there."

Explaining his methods, he continues, "I bring in busloads of people and just stop everything. We shut them down. They have police there, but that doesn't stop me. We have shut down so many productions—Morgan Fairchild, Woody Allen, *Fame*, *Ghostbusters*, *Batman*, *Superman*, *Godfather I, II*, and *III*... Every time we shut them down, we get people to work."

Extortion? You make the call. We call it fighting fire with fire.

But sometimes even Majeed can be a softie. "Just a few days ago, we heard about some filming in the Bronx," he says. "When my buses—two of them—got there, I found out it was Spike Lee filming. I told one of the production members, 'Just tell Spike I still love him.' And we left." ☛

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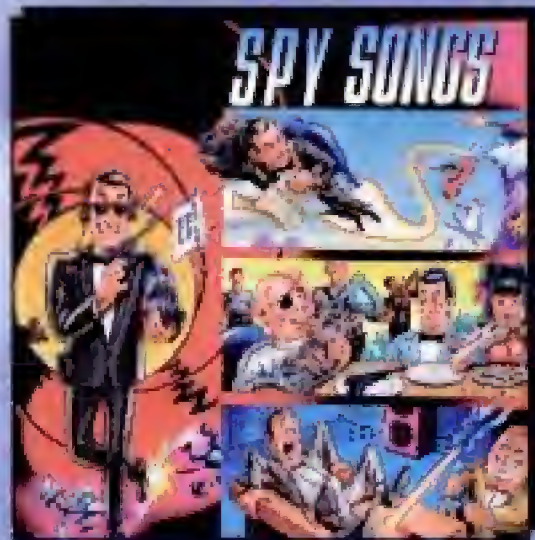
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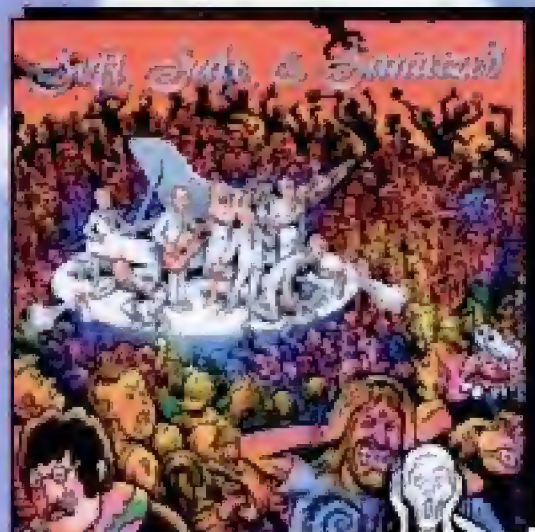
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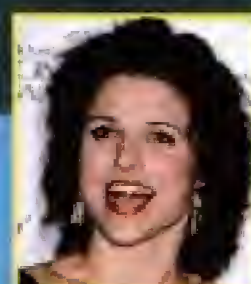


By Jamie Malanowski



Jerry's Best Lines

1. "Sometimes I think more creativity is put into muffin recipes than into the rest of society combined."
2. "Brisbane? I don't know anybody in Brisbane!"
3. "Why do people always bring casseroles over when there's a funeral? Does the corpse feel better knowing his survivors are eating glop?"
4. "Uh-oh. She sent him on the dreaded Trip to Oblivion."
5. "I don't know who the Cracker Jack people think they're fooling. Do you think there's a kid in America who rips open one of the toy surprises and says 'Wow! Forget the video games, Dad, this is it!'"
6. "Was it my imagination or did the whole city smell a little gamey today?"
7. "Sorry—the Don never asks for a second favor once he's been refused the first."
8. "Are you kidding? I love art museums! Of course, nothing beats a good nap."
9. "For my money, it's the nooner. The thought that everyone in your life has prepared you to be responsible and to get out there and work all day, and there you are—not. And not, may I add, to the nth degree."
10. "Elaine, you're not going to believe it! That guy you got into an argument with on the subway? He just opened fire on the LIRR!"



Elaine's Best Lines

1. "Jerry! You're sneezing in my purse!"
2. "I don't know about Middle Eastern guys. Unless, of course, they're tall."
3. "I'm telling you, George, a woman never ever does that unless she's interested."
4. "No, it's not that time of the month; it's the sight of your face."
5. "I usually avoid guys who have 'hate' and 'fear' tattooed on their knuckles, but Barry—Barry's different."
6. "You know, I have other friends I could spend time with. Not that they're any less depressing than you guys."
7. "None of your business! All right, if you must know—on a Ferris wheel."
8. "Come on, admit it! Don't you guys miss drugs a little?"
9. "You know, sometimes I sit there, and I think, 'Elaine, you're in your thirties, and you've averaged almost a boyfriend a week for five years. Maybe you are a slut.'"
10. "Okay, an entire mayonnaise jar full of Nutella—as if it's any of your business, mister!"

A. In this episode, Jerry...

- 1...is told by his agent that if he hurries and calls, he can get a last-minute gig in the Catskills...
- 2...is supposed to meet George at the auto show...
- 3...is asked to go on *Nightline* to discuss new directions in comedy...
- 4...has been persuaded by Elaine to go to an art auction...
- 5...is invited to go deep-sea fishing by a girlfriend's twin brother...
- 6...is asked by his dad to take an old friend to a wake...
- 7...finds himself irresistibly drawn to a high-school student and wants to meet her...

B. ...but...

- 1...he gets a caraway seed stuck under his gum.
- 2...gets distracted when a wart pops up on his thumb.
- 3...he's written down the wrong phone number, and can't figure out which digit is off.
- 4...needs to do his laundry but discovers a pretty girl is using all the machines.
- 5...discovers his car's been towed and has to go get it out of the car pound.
- 6...his building's boiler is out and he can't take a shower.
- 7...his bank's automated teller machine is on the fritz and he can't get cash.





Kramer's Best Lines

1. "Sorry—I'm standing up for Jay!"
2. "And I'm tellin' ya it's a candy mint!"
3. "Now that's chicken. Tha-a-a-at's chicken!"
4. "No can do, Jerry, no can do. I've got my reputation in the community to consider."
5. "Man, get a load of her! Boom-boom-ba-da-boom-boom-boom!"
6. "Don't put up with that jive, man! Challenge him! Get in his face!"
7. "Well, my friends, that's the ball game!"
8. "Is it Chef Boy-Ar-Dee? 'Cause if it isn't, just the smell of anything else makes me want to vomit!"
9. "You know, under other circumstances, we might have been made for each other."
10. "I don't care if I am the last holdout in the industry! Kramer will never wear a rubber on the set!"
11. "Oh man, don't knock electroshock. I mean, look what it's done for me!"



George's Best Lines

1. "Ah, come on! It could happen to anybody! Didn't any of you see *The Crying Game*?"
2. "Sure she picks Lyle Lovett—tall guy, lotta hair."
4. "The point is: I go to four weddings and a funeral, I don't get Andie MacDowell. I get a lot of overcooked beef, and my parents arguing about something that happened in 1957."
5. "Fine, *Howards End*. My point is: Howard who? End of what?"
6. "I can just tell by lookin' whether a guy's a hard-shoe guy or a soft-shoe guy."
7. "Let me ask you a question: Is Bambi supposed to be Bambi's real name? 'Cause that's a rotten name for a prince. Maybe it's short for Bambi, or Bambiovanni."
8. "How come you never hear of anybody named after a car? I mean, apart from Ford. You ever meet somebody named Chevrolet? Or Buick? I bet nobody's ever come up and said 'Hi, I'm Jack Volvo.'"
9. "Yeah, I see the little reservation cards on the table, but there's nobody here. What are you saving them for? Are you a maitre d', or Schindler?"
10. "Don'tcha think if you had state troopers helping, you'd do better than Paula Corbin Jones? I mean, I can get Paula Corbin Jones myself."

8...he gets annoyed by the crowd of paparazzi who follow him everywhere.

C. Meanwhile, George...

- 1...strikes up a conversation with an exotic dancer at the unemployment agency.
- 2...finds himself attracted to the tiny Chinese lady who runs his dry cleaner.
- 3...against his better judgment, agrees to fill in behind the counter for a few minutes at the neighborhood video store.
- 4...gets into an argument with Newman about the source of interference on the cable system.
- 5...starts hassling a blind Muslim cleric about Salman Rushdie.
- 6...is still smarting that Jerry got testy with him when he found George rooting for change under Jerry's cushions.
- 7...gets depressed when he hears on *Larry King Live* that he's now too old to join the French Foreign Legion.
- 8...is wondering whether he should call the attractive undertaker he met in remedial-driving school.

D. At the same time, Elaine...

1...is repulsed by her new boss, who makes sucking noises at meetings.

2...sees that she's run out of clean underwear, and decides to go the day without.

3...thinks a new poet she met is a dreamboat, and tries to get the gang to go hear him read at a coffee-house.

4...argues with Newman about the credibility of the actor who played the bad guy in *Jurassic Park*.

5...starts wearing turbans everywhere.

6...visits a friend who has a small child, and discovers that she can't stop singing "The Wheels on the Bus" to herself.

7...has jury duty and finds the defendant really cute.

8...discovers that a guy she's been seeing is a priest, and isn't sure whether or not that's wrong, considering that she isn't Catholic.

E. Before long, Kramer bursts in and announces...

1...that Geraldo Rivera interviewed him on the street about bachelorhood in the Nineties.

2...he's a finalist for a Gap ad.





3...he wants to get a tattoo, but is worried that the moles and hair on his back will somehow alter the image he'd like to have put on.

4...that the exterminator has caught what might be the world's longest roach in Kramer's apartment, and now there's a dispute about ownership.

5...he's been offered a franchise to export video games to Tajikistan.

6...he's been asked to participate in a focus group that's going to advise the Republicans on what should go into Contract with America II.

7...he's inherited a title to Hungary, and is now the Duke of Szczryncy.

8...he's been given backstage passes for a Beastie Boys concert, and wants to know if anybody wants to go with him.

F. Later, they get together at the coffee shop, after which...

1...George throws away the Mickey Mantle baseball card, convinced it's a copy and not really worth \$8,000.

2...the surly waiter is wounded in a mob hit.

3...they discover that it wasn't the Pope, just an incredible look-alike.

4...George inadvertently gives the cashier the dollar bill he persuaded Vladimir Zhirinovsky to autograph.

5...Kramer, citing a previous commitment, regretfully declines Lisa Marie's request to appear in her husband's new video.

6...Jerry is chagrined to discover that it wasn't just a senior citizens' convention he has performed before, but a reunion of the Bund.

7...Elaine follows the directions on the box, and the water turns red.

8...Kramer is surprised when the police inform him that the woman in bed with him is really his mother, and the man he killed was his dad.

9...they ruefully admit that none of them was really comfortable in the ménage à trois, and they vow never to discuss it again.

10...they go to Jerry's apartment to gaze at their navels, and argue about who produces the most lint. ♫

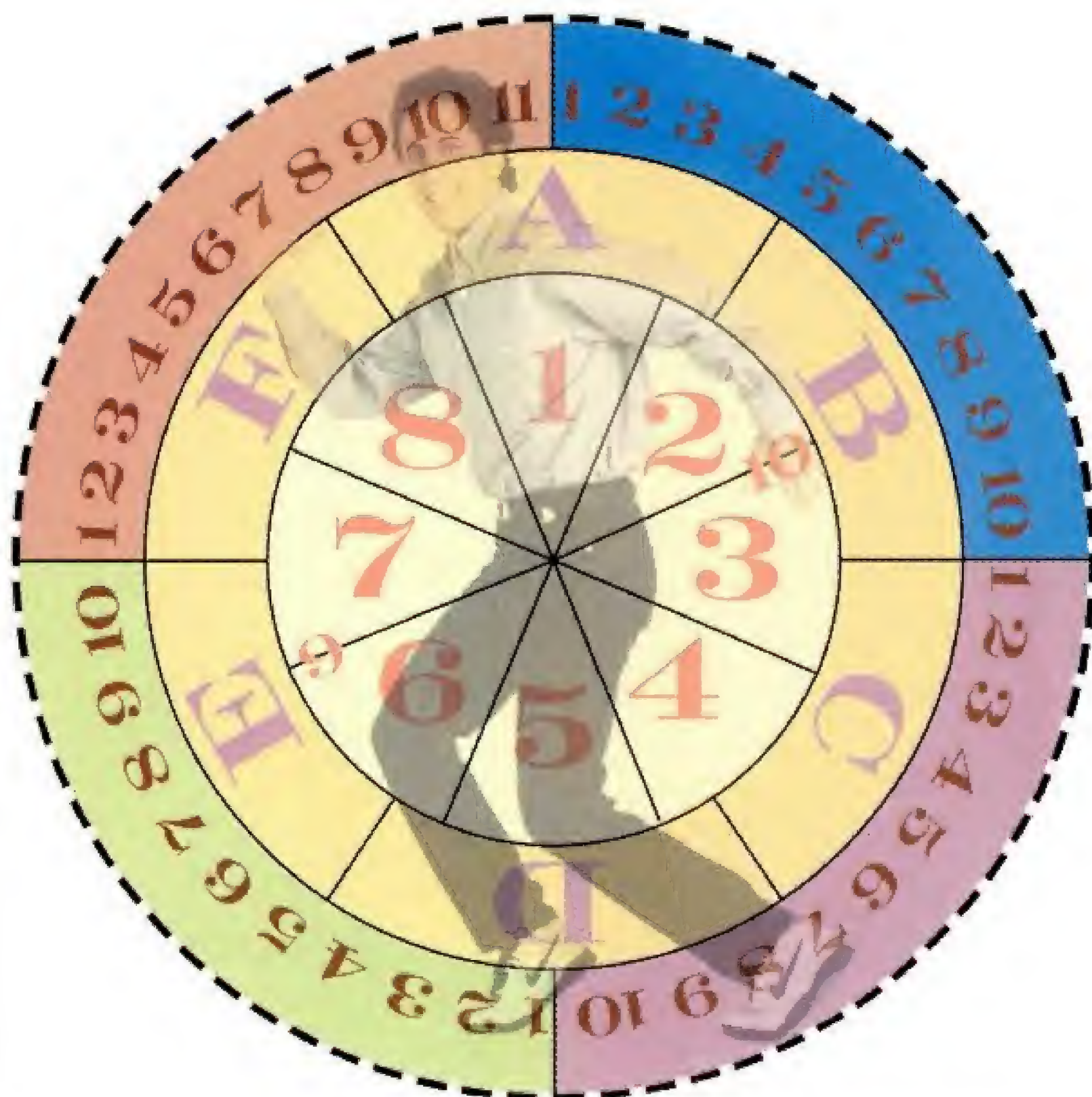
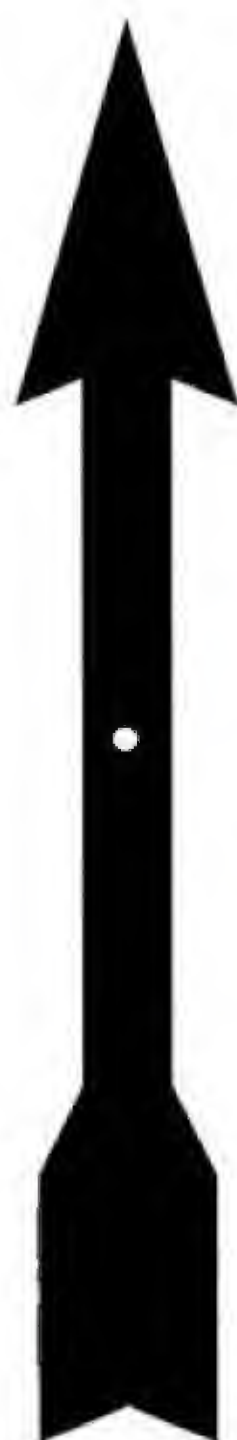
Seinfeld-O-Matic Selection Spinner

Create spinner by cutting out circle at right and pasting on your favorite bar coaster. Cut out arrow and paste it onto a Good Humor stick trimmed to length. Align arrow over center dots and pierce with thumbtack, taking care not to press down too tightly. Allow space for easy spinning.

1) First spin: Select category for first plot line; next spin picks the number in that category (A1, C3, etc.). Continue through until you've successfully picked one scenario from each category.

2) Next, spin for individual character's best lines using outside ring of numbers.

3) Compile the results in your own teleplay. Amaze your friends!



Nothing is so
inspiring as
the stories of
Hollywood stars
overcoming
feigned
disabilities to
win statuettes.
By Alex Gregory
& Peter Huyck

Th



GOALP

Gimp



T

here's a role out there for me that I can win an Academy Award for, maybe about a retarded person; or a pathos role," said character actor George Lindsey back in 1985. In hindsight, Lindsey, who played Goober Pyle

on *The Andy Griffith Show*, was unwittingly prophetic. Over the last decade, Hollywood has glamorized disabilities and diseases to the point where even the biggest stars are falling all



over themselves to feign paraplegia, blindness, and speech impediments in the hope of winning an Oscar. From Dustin Hoffman in *Rain Man* to Tom Hanks in *Philadelphia*, the movie industry has been heartily patting itself on the back for promoting understanding and sympathy for its various handicaps *du jour*.

But Hollywood's attitude toward the people it claims to be championing has become more patronizing than ever. This year's Academy Awards ceremony should prove to be a veritable cavalcade of afflictions: John Travolta and Martin Landau as heroin and morphine addicts, respectively; Jennifer Jason Leigh as the suicidal alcoholic Dorothy Parker; and

Meg Ryan as an alcoholic are all favored to receive nominations. If *Gump* has the showing that many are predicting, it could send any number of five spectacular gimps to the dais in March: Tom Hanks, mentally impaired; Gary Sinise, double amputee; Sally Field, cancer patient; Robin Wright, AIDS victim; and Mykelti Williamson, retarded man.

WHEN, ONE MAY ASK, DID ALL THIS START?

Many critics cite Ray Milland's Oscar-winning portrayal of an alcoholic in *The Lost Weekend* in 1945 as the first of the great "pathos roles," as Goober would put it, but aside from a few memorable triumphs—Harold Russell as the double-amputee in *The Best Years of Our Lives*; Patty Duke as Helen Keller in *The Miracle Worker*; Jane Wyman as a deaf-mute in *Johnny Belinda*; and Cliff Robertson as a retarded man in *Charly*—these roles have been more the exception than the rule.

For the most part, the seminal year for Hollywood's handicap chic was 1975. Not coincidentally, America had just gotten kicked out of Vietnam, and Watergate had rocked the foundations of our government. In times of abject depression and self-pity, few things provide as powerful a tonic as finding someone else to feel sorry for.

First came the crazies: Jack Nicholson chewing the stark white scenery in *One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest* and Peter Finch shouting out of his window in *Network* the following year. And when Louise Fletcher, who played Nurse Ratched in *Cuckoo's Nest*, signed her Best Actress acceptance speech so her deaf

parents at home could understand, she unleashed the floodgates for silent speeches to come. Finch even earned extra points with the Academy by actually dying from a heart attack weeks before nominations went out. Remarked his co-star William Holden, "If the son of a bitch hadn't died, I could have had my second Oscar."

FOR EVERY GUY IN A WHEELCHAIR

Then in 1978 came the first of a long string of anti-war movies about Vietnam. Jon Voight won the Best Actor Oscar for his portrayal of a paraplegic veteran in *Coming Home*, the first of a number of roles which would send pampered movie stars into the VA hospital wards to live with paraplegics and quadriplegics, pestering them with questions about their sex lives.

As the able-bodied Voight collected his Oscar, he tearfully announced, "I accept this [award] for every guy in a wheelchair." (Eight years later and still living in heavy denial, the blond-haired, blue-eyed Voight would go on to appoint himself de facto spokesman for the Hopi Indian tribe and tearfully spoke out against "white men" in an event that an attending veteran reporter described as the "most bizarre I'd ever attended.")

Never to be outdone, his co-star, the perennially inappropriate Jane Fonda, delivered much of her Best Actress acceptance speech in sign language. "While we were making the movie, we all became more aware of the problems of the handicapped," she explained. "Over 14 million people are deaf. They are the invisible handicapped and can't share this evening, so this is my way of acknowledging them." Louise Fletcher, who was attending a Hollywood Oscar-watching party, initially thought that Fonda was parodying her speech.

The early-to-mid-1980s (encompassing the lack of compassion so endemic to the go-go Reagan years) saw mere patches of gimping, but none of the outstanding pathos that had graced the screen in 1978. Appropriately, there were a disproportionate number of geezer Oscars given to actors whom the Academy feared might have given their final performances (see chart on page 57) Towards the end of the decade, however, handicaps would make a roaring comeback, spurred on—ironically—by the only actual disabled actor since Harold Russell to ever garner a nomination for an Academy Award.

BEST SOUND

In 1986 Kathleen Turner, Sigourney Weaver, Sissy Spacek, and Jane Fonda had the unenviable position of being up against perhaps the surest Oscar bet in history—and an aberration in Hollywood casting—a beautiful deaf actress playing a deaf role. In this case, Marlee Matlin could hardly be faulted for taking the role, and Paramount deserved kudos for hiring an unknown deaf actress, rather than having a known box-office draw fake it. But no sooner had the nomination been cast than Hollywood began to stick its Gucci loafers in its mouth. Critic Rex Reed grouched that Matlin would

With the brand of irony that is only available in Southern California, deaf actress Marlee Matlin was selected to present an Academy Award—for best sound.

win simply because the Academy "would like to see her give her acceptance speech in sign language the way Louise Fletcher did"—evidently forgetting Jane Fonda's comic turn at the same role.

With the brand of irony that is only available in Southern California, Matlin was also selected to be a presenter for an Academy Award—for Best Sound. (Event producer Samuel Goldwyn, Jr. swore that it was her own idea.) When it was her turn to give an acceptance speech, Matlin waxed optimistic about "the changes that have taken place in society." According to the actress, "It's not just for white Anglo-Saxon hearing people anymore."

Matlin might have had a point about society, but she couldn't have been more wrong about





Hollywood.

Aside from forgettable roles in two forgotten movies (*Walker* and *Hear No Evil*) and a cameo in *The Player*, she would soon find herself out of work in film. The novelty of her deafness had worn off, and unlike Voight and Nicholson, her disability wasn't going to disappear when the cameras

"If this (show) fails," said disabled actor Alan Toy, "it's going to be blamed on the disability issue. Demographics aren't going to show Mark Harmon isn't cute anymore."

stopped rolling. She went on to make cameos in various TV shows, and starred in an ill-fated program, aptly titled "Reasonable Doubts." "If this fails," disabled actor Alan Toy told the *New York Times*, "it's going to be blamed on the disability issue. They're not going to do demographics that show Mark Harmon isn't cute anymore."

But "the disability issue" would arise in lurid glory over the turbulent, recessionary late '80s. As one television announcer effused on the night of Matlin's historic Oscar victory, "[It] somehow or other makes us all feel good or a little bigger tonight."

By 1988, the country would be reeling from the effects of the largest stock market crash—the preceding October—since the Great Depression, and America would once again need the type of movie hero to make people "feel good or a little bigger."

QANTAS

Rain Man is Dustin Hoffman humping one note on a piano for two hours and eleven minutes....It becomes a repetitive, boring feat, though the boringness can be construed as fidelity to the role (and masochists can regard it as great acting)," said Pauline Kael of *The New Yorker*.

"When I first saw the movie, I thought the guy was very, very annoying," said Paul McDonnell, an autistic man, on CNN.

But on Oscar night, Gimp Hall-of-Famer Dustin Hoffman's jerking, twitching, and mumbling beat out fellow Gimpmeister Tom Hanks, who played a man with a 13-year old brain; Edward James Olmos, who played a teacher whose only physical disabilities were baldness and acne scars; Max Von Sydow; and Gene Hackman.

"Deep inside, *Rain Man* is about how autistic we all are," philosophized Hoffman. Explaining his artistic motivation behind the role, the actor said, "I can't do a character here. I've got to have you think that this disability is my own." Besting Voight's previous record for annoying the disabled, Hoffman spent two years hanging out with autistic people, taking them bowling and dragging them to fast-food restaurants. "It fed my obsession," Hoffman said.

More than Roberston, Voight, or any other of his predecessors, Hoffman showed that "going gimp" was not only the short cut to the Academy podium, but a surefire ticket to big box-office draws. Disabilities had always been around, but now they had actually become hip.

Unfortunately, the industry's ensuing love affair with disabled roles didn't create any opportunities for actors who were genuinely disabled. The underlying sentiment behind this continuing neglect was eloquently summed up by a person who attended an advance studio screening of *Rain Man*. According to director Barry Levinson, the layman critic wrote: "I was hoping the little guy would snap out of it."

For able-bodied actors hungry for sympathy points, however, it was a bonanza. By the next year, two of Hollywood's biggest male stars would go wheelchair-to-wheelchair in the Oscar race of the century.

A Big Hug

Tom Cruise was so excited to play the part of paraplegic Vietnam vet Ron Kovic in *Born On the Fourth of July* that, according to Kovic, "The first time Tom came to my house, he jumped out of the car, ran down the driveway, and gave me a big hug." Cruise, who was then the hottest young actor in Hollywood, smelled Oscar gold: He even went so far as to volunteer to take a drug which would have temporarily paralyzed him. The movie's insurance agents quickly intervened. But Cruise was up against a ringer. Daniel Day-Lewis had spent eight weeks in a wheelchair at a Dublin palsy clinic, learning to type, write, and paint with his left foot in order to portray the disabled artist Christy Brown. Day-Lewis's daily regimen was so physically punishing that by the end of the movie's filming, two of his vertebrae had to be realigned.

When both actors were nominated for Academy Awards for their pains, many people in the disabled community spoke out. The renowned English actor Nabil Shaban, who once played Hamlet from his wheelchair, pointed out that the role of Christy Brown could have and should have been played by a disabled actor. Miramax, anticipating such criticism, had already begun spin control, sending 5,000 flyers to various disability organizations, which included a favorable review by a disabled historian. The studio then planned a "universally accessible" advanced screening in Washington, D.C. for members of the disabled community.

In a gesture of inconceivable bad taste, even by Hollywood standards, a small white box was left on every seat in the theater—inside which was a piece of white chocolate in the shape of a dismembered left foot. Ironically, the wheelchair-bound members of the audience had come in their own seats and in the words of Anthony Holden, author of *Behind the Oscar*, "On an evening entirely geared to proving that the disabled should not be treated as second-class citizens, those without the use of their legs thus found themselves deprived of their custom-made candy."

Hoo-Wah!

One of the first things we spoke about was that this movie is not about a blind guy," recalled *Scent of a Woman* director/co-writer Martin Brest. But to the Academy, who had overlooked Al Pacino for his stellar work in *The Godfather I & II*, *Serpico*, and *Dog Day Afternoon*, he

was more than a blind guy. He was Al Pacino playing a blind guy—a suicidal alcoholic blind guy.

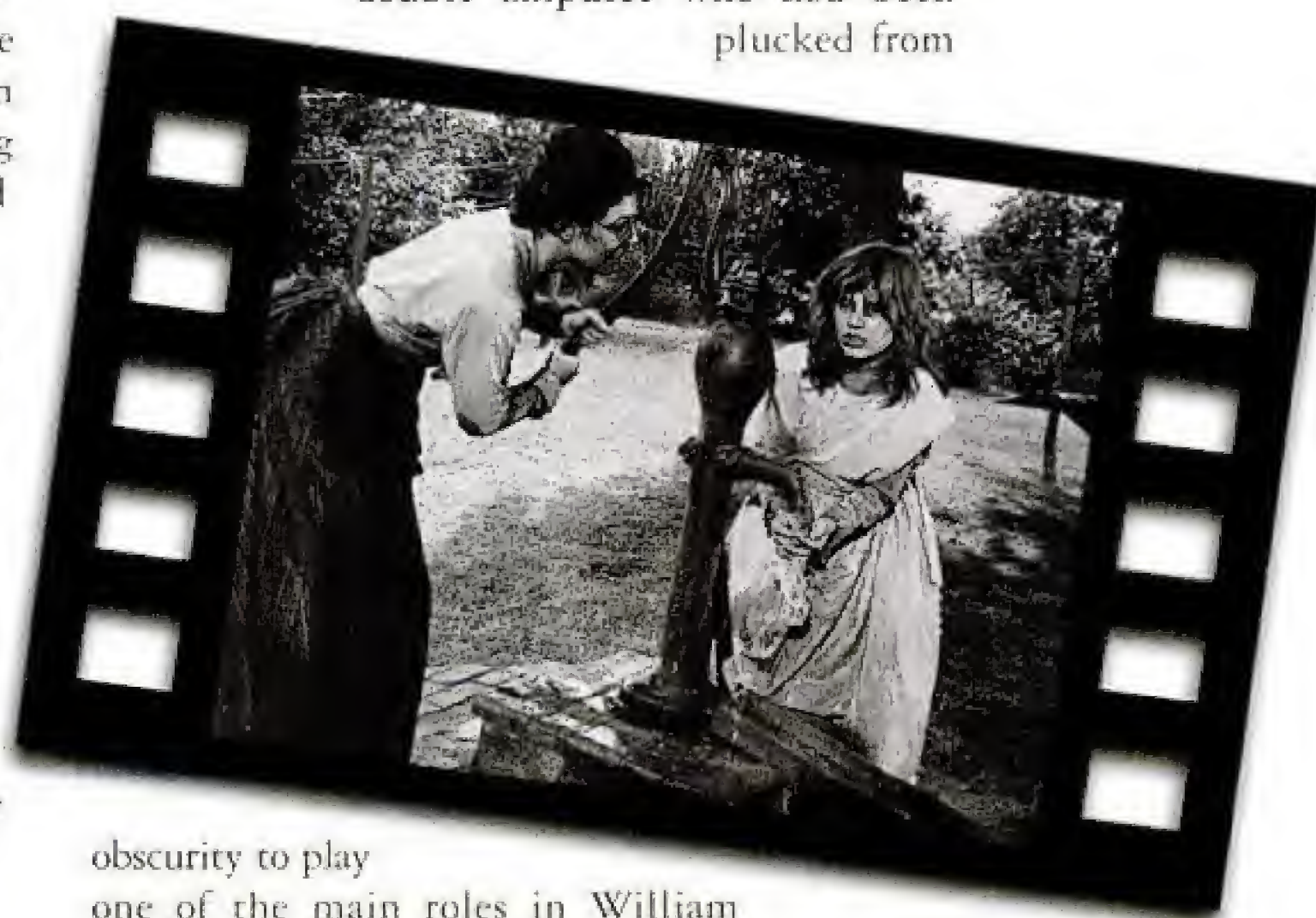
Mainstream, the magazine for the "able-disabled," slammed the movie, angrily complaining that an enraged and embittered disabled person who must be redeemed by an able-bodied companion was a recurrent negative image in the media which only served to further isolate the disabled from the able-bodied. So why do they keep doing it? "You see actors who like to play parts in which they're deformed, or they've got a mask," explained Pacino. "It frees you up. A thing like being blind becomes an obstacle you can use. It puts you in the scene and makes you believe it even more."

But in terms of sheer offensiveness, Pacino's performance had nothing on the *tour de force* that Oscar

In a gesture of inconceivable bad taste, a piece of chocolate in the shape of a dismembered left foot was left on the chairs of the wheelchair-bound audience.

winner and Academy president Karl Malden had delivered that summer.

Months before Pacino copped his first Oscar, a perverse comedy of bad manners began to unfold around another Oscar that had been won 46 years earlier. Harold Russell was a World War II veteran and double amputee who had been plucked from



obscurity to play one of the main roles in William Wyler's *The Best Years of Our Lives*. Russell had been nominated for Best Supporting Actor, but the Academy—fearing that he would not win—created a special consolation-prize Oscar for Russell for "bringing aid and comfort to disabled veterans through the medium of motion pictures." But Russell won anyway, and backstage that night announced he was retiring from acting.

Cut to July 1992. Russell, then 78 and in need of money to pay for an eye operation for his wife, announced that he would sell one of his two Oscars to the highest bidder. In a fit of self-righteous indignation, Academy president Karl Malden wrote a scolding letter to Russell: "These Oscars...should not become objects of mere commerce....While that fact may give them additional luster on the open market, it also gives particular poignancy to the possibility that either of them could be sold away like an autographed baseball and consigned to who knows what future history."

To add insult to insult, Malden offered Russell—who was paid a paltry \$10,000 for the role sans residuals (7 percent of what his co-stars Fredric March and Myrna Loy made) a \$20,000 loan if he would donate the statue to the Academy. Russell declined Malden's

Thompson, a gay cast member of *The Kids in the Hall*, felt patronized by the movie and told *Variety* that there "was nothing remotely gay" about Hanks's performance. In fact, Thompson had put his finger on the reason why it was such a success. As Hanks himself explained, "Very few people fear me....I'm pretty much the apex of a charming, disarming, likable kind of personage."

Meanwhile, Holly Hunter received the Best Actress Oscar for her portrayal of an oppressed mute woman. Said her director, Jane Campion, "Holly manages to capture Ada's aloofness with no sense of the handicapped person. It's the rest of the world that's handicapped by speaking." The audience managed to escape another sign language acceptance speech, largely because Hunter's gestures had been made up specifically for the movie.

But Hollywood, despite the cries of "foul," was extraordinarily pleased with itself that night. In the words of last year's host Whoopi Goldberg, following Hanks' speech: "I'm really glad we do what we do

[in Hollywood]. We're amazing."

"I don't know why anybody would be critical," said a perplexed Oscar-winner Harold Russell. "My wife's health is much more important than sentimental reasons."

bizarre offer and the statue fetched \$60,500 at auction. "I don't know why anybody would be critical," said the perplexed Russell. "My wife's health is much more important than sentimental reasons."

I'LL SEE YOUR BLIND GUY AND RAISE YOU AN AIDS PATIENT AND A MUTE

As the Hollywood elite filed into the Dorothy Chandler Pavilion on Oscar night last year, a reporter for the *New York Times* observed that the number of stars wearing what had become the ubiquitous fashion accessory the previous year—the red AIDS ribbon—had sharply fallen off, largely because the ribbons had been criticized as "an insignificant gesture."

But if a gesture had offended some in the AIDS community, what was about to happen would offend many more. "I know that my work in this case is magnified by the fact that the streets of heaven are too crowded with angels," said a tearful Tom Hanks as he clutched his Best Actor Oscar for *Philadelphia*. One actor who was less than moved, and who has since become one of the angels to whom Hanks referred, was Michael Kearns, once dubbed "the only openly gay actor in Hollywood" and later the only actor to admit to being HIV positive.

"The thing that Hollywood would probably break its arm patting itself on the back for is *Philadelphia*," said Kearns, "which is a dismal, pathetic representation of AIDS and gayness." Scott

STUPID IS AS STUPID DOES.

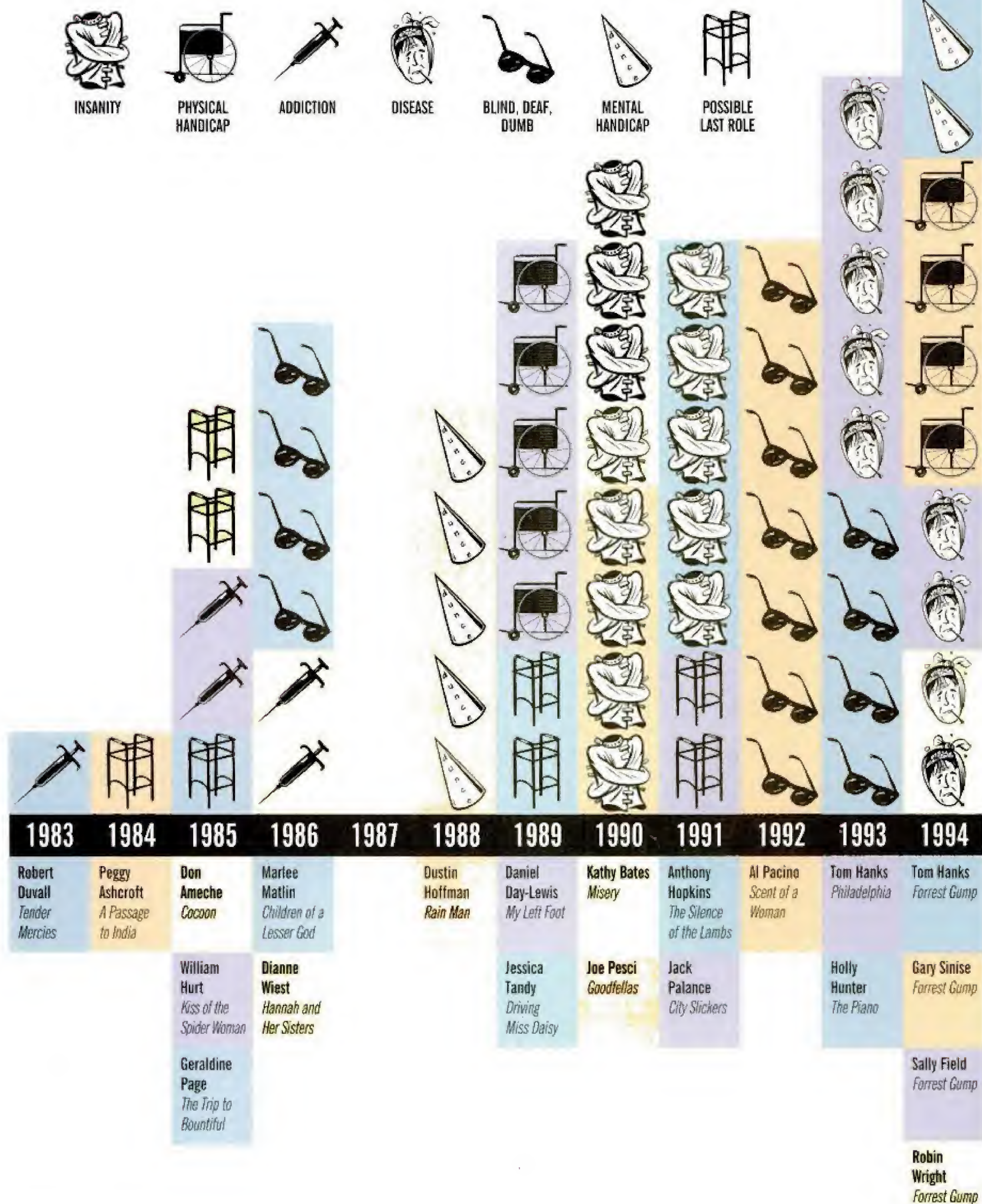
At the time of writing, we are not yet aware of the Oscar nominations, much less the winners. Many industry pundits are predicting a Gump sweep, with Tom Hanks as a possible favorite to win the first ever back-to-back Best Actor awards. Said *Gump* director Robert Zemeckis: "This is one of the most amazing performances Tom [Hanks] has ever given. The easy way to play an afflicted character like this—I won't mention any particular actor—is to come up with a mannerism or tic. Tom didn't do that. Tom's performance is so subtle that he made this handicapped person grow...in the traditional dramatic sense."

Others feel there may be a backlash to both the movie's success and its unabashed sentimentality, and are predicting strong showings by Quentin Tarantino's *Pulp Fiction*, Robert Redford's *Quiz Show*, and Robert Benton's *Nobody's Fool*. *Nell*, a shameless bid for a third Oscar for Jodie Foster, has been getting too many mixed reviews for a likely nomination.

Then again, we may all be surprised and even see the tide turn against the gimps this year. After all, this is Newt Gingrich's America, and sympathy is quickly going out of fashion. Although Newt wholeheartedly endorsed *Forrest Gump* for its "basic American values," if Gump were a real person, Gingrich probably would've had him thrown in an orphanage. ☛

Gimping for the Gold

The chart below illustrates the rising tide of pathos-influenced Oscars over the last 12 years. The icon in each block denotes the particular "challenge" that each actor milked for the Academy's sympathy, and the number of blocks represents the amount of on-screen histrionics inflicted upon the audience. The 1994 results are a projection based upon a possible sweep by *Forrest Gump*.



the times

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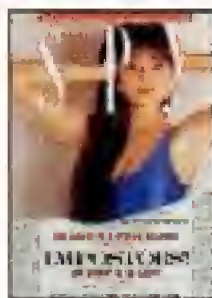
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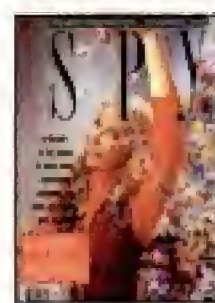
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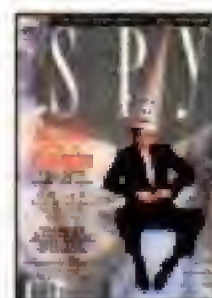
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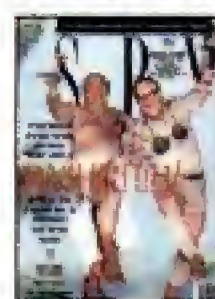
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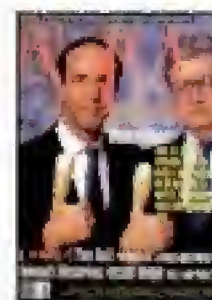
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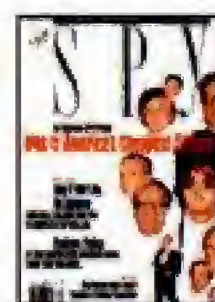
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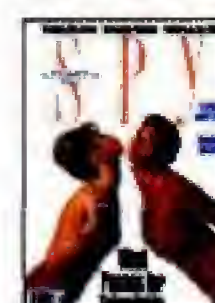
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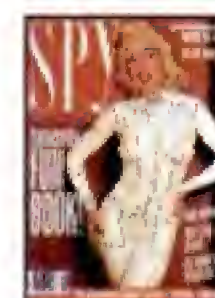
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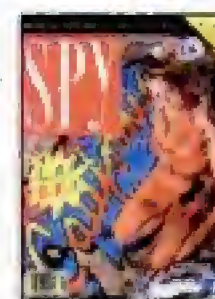
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WHY

A man with dark hair and a slight stubble is shown from the chest up. He is wearing a black tank top and has a lit cigarette in his mouth. He is looking upwards and to the right with a slight smile. The background is a light blue wall with a dark horizontal line.

Start Your Own Magazine—
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Failing Upwards:
How to Bungle
Your Way to the Top

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Die Already!

If several of America's leading executives bungled their way up the ladder of success, **why can't you?** By Lance Gould

You may not know them by name, but you go see their movies, you buy their magazines, and your life is affected by their political decisions. Many of them hold positions of power and influence; some have a reach far enough to alter presidential elections. And yet they all share one trait, one history, one quirk of this opposite-minded, anti-incumbent, up-is-down world of ours: All of them have, in one way or another, *failed* miserably, and often repeatedly, in their chosen fields.

Yet rather than vilify them, rather than take them to task for their screw-ups and force them to prove their worthiness before letting them eat off the good china, we do a very odd thing: We *promote* them. We give them better and better jobs with more and more influence, only to watch them repeat their stupendous defeats again and again, spiraling ever skyward rather than into the depths of obscurity.

This phenomenon is called Failing Upwards, and it's never been more prevalent.

Perhaps the most talked about tome of last fall was Elizabeth Wurtzel's *Prozac Nation*, an account of a depressed, waifish journalist who, despite being fired from some of the most prestigious publications in the country, proceeded to land better and better jobs. While still enrolled at Harvard, Wurtzel found work at the *Dallas Morning News* (she was fired for plagiarism), went to *People* (she was fired), became *New York's* music critic (was fired), and trotted off to the *New Yorker* (fired).

While most writers dream about landing a job at *one* renowned magazine or newspaper, Wurtzel could paper her walls with the pink slips from several prestigious publications. Why, after such colossal failures, do we not only tolerate—but elevate—those who fail?

Probably because what familiarity really breeds is

assurance and security, not contempt. Psychology has a name for this syndrome: The Mere Exposure Effect. "Repeated exposure produces some luster in an object, independent of the context of the exposure," explains Dr. Anthony G. Greenwald, professor of psychology at the University of Washington. Employers are as susceptible to this effect as the rest of us; employees can fail and fail and fail, yet find themselves upwardly mobile rather than hitting the skids. And although the careers of this unique group are punctuated with successes, they are characterized more readily by their *non*-successes, or their out-and-out flops.

Here's a look at some other upwards failures in fields as diverse as Hollywood, politics, journalism, and geography.

I. BONFIRE OF THE INANITIES

Paramount Studios vaulted from worst to first in the early 1970s Hollywood shuffle under the 10-year tenure of 29-year-old wunderkind Robert Evans. His remarkable string of hit films included *The Odd Couple*, *Love Story*, *Rosemary's Baby*, *The Godfather*, and *Chinatown*.

But when Evans put himself in the director's chair for 1984's *The Cotton Club*, he began a journey to the nether reaches of Hollywood's abyss that seemed to be a likely permanent mailing address.

Production costs on the film were out of control, and Evans brought Francis Ford Coppola on board, first as a "script doctor" and eventually as the film's auteur. Epic battles between Evans and Coppola became Tinseltown legend as they bickered over everything from profligate spending to the film's overall concept. Coppola fired five

of Evans's original production staff, quipping that "they'd come up with stuff that was sort of an Ice Capades salute to Duke Ellington." According to Evans, however, "the fucker [Coppola] doesn't know what continuity means."

The movie was a total disaster, not only in terms of



critical revulsion and monetary loss, but also because the body of one of the film's money men, Roy Radin, was found by a beekeeper at the bottom of a canyon 60 miles northeast of Hollywood, plugged with 27 bullets. His face and head had been "blown off" by an explosive in his mouth to prevent identification from dental records.

Evans was a suspect in the murder but was advised by his attorney, the one and only Robert Shapiro, to plead the Fifth Amendment on the witness stand during his girlfriend's trial. Eventually, Evans's girlfriend and two other men were convicted (though Evans later pleaded guilty to cocaine distribution).

With all the sex, drugs, and murder, Evans, the O.J. of his day, became a virtual Hollywood untouchable. It seemed that "The Kid" was ruined. But not for long.

A much-heralded comeback in 1990 saw Evans produce *The Two Jakes*, a *Chinatown* sequel that flopped miserably. Yet somehow, with the release of the laughable Sharon Stone/William Baldwin embarrassment *Sliver*, the grossly awful *The Phantom*, and a rare tell-all autobiography, *The Kid Stays in the Picture*, Evans is back. His future projects destined for failure include a (for all intents and purposes) remake of *Basic Instinct*, written by

landed safely in Coppola's former work space on Sony's Culver City lot with the assistance of a \$240 million golden parachute, including a production commitment from Sony.

Guber, considered one of the industry's highest-profile players, and credited with some of the success behind *Batman* and *Rain Man*, was dubbed the "Billion Dollar Man" by *Newsweek* for what he cost the company. He and his then-partner, Jon Peters (the former hairdresser/lover of Barbra Streisand) were already ensconced in a deal with Warner Bros. when Sony first took interest in them.

Once on board, Guber and Peters spent money wildly: corporate jets, personal chefs, a corporate dining room for each of them, an in-house florist, an initial \$2.7 million salary each, over \$50 million in deferred compensation, and a \$200 million deposit in the till of Guber-Peters Entertainment Company.

What about the movies they made? Nearly every one of their large-budget flicks was a commercial failure. The dubious list includes *Lost in Yonkers*, *Radio Flyer*, *I'll Do Anything*, *Gladiator*, *City Slickers II*, *North*, and *das über-flop*, *The Last Action Hero*—arguably the last nail in Guber's coffin.

One Hollywood reporter told SPY Guber was "a



Failing upwards is sort of a Hollywood tradition. Who else could make *The Last Action Hero* and come out of the deal richer?

the Joe Eszterhas factory and called *Jade*; an actual remake of *September Affair*; and a remake of the television series *The Saint* for the big screen. To top it all off, for

\$39, Los Angelenos were treated to "An Evening With Bob Evans" at the Learning Annex. Comeback, indeed.

Who occupies Francis Ford Coppola's old offices? Another upwards failer, former Sony Pictures chief Peter Guber. Having exited the chairman's suite on the Columbia lot (a lot which he redecorated at an estimated \$100 million), Guber

successful used-car salesman, of sorts." The reporter went on to say that much of the success attributed to Guber was claimed by Guber himself. "And failing upwards is sort of a Hollywood tradition." By Labor Day of 1994, Columbia and Tri-Star pictures (both under Guber's leadership) lived up to that Hollywood tradition, together having released a total of 13 films and grossing a grand total of \$255.6 million. *Forrest Gump* made almost that much all by his lonesome self.

Even after Guber left, his legacy remains. Despite his September departure, November saw the release of *Mary Shelley's Frankenstein*, a critical and commercial loser—and a pet project of Guber's.

"Some see being a failure as a badge of honor," Richard Johnson, the "Page Six" editor of the *New York Post*, told SPY. "Woody Allen would be aghast if he ever sold too many tickets—it would mean that too many people understood his movies. And, with a few exceptions, he's

never done good box office. And there's a reason Robert Altman couldn't make a [hit] movie for 20 years: His films couldn't make any money. And he wouldn't want it any other way."

Other always-employed silver-screen stinkers include

incumbent Democrat Jim Florio. But less than a week after Whitman won the election, Rollins mindlessly bragged that he had paid black ministers \$500,000 in campaign funds to limit the African-American vote, which would almost assuredly have been pro-Florio. He

Woody Allen would be aghast if he ever sold **too many tickets**—it would mean that too many people understood his movies.

Bruce "If It Ain't *Die Hard*, It's Dead" Willis, who after numerous disasters—including the legendary missteps *Hudson Hawk* and *Bonfire of the Vanities*, not to mention the almost straight-to-video duds *Color of Night* and *Striking Distance*—proceeded to fail all the way upwards to the interminably acclaimed *Pulp Fiction*. Look for *Die Hard III* to continue the revival of Willis's flagging career. And let's not forget other no-hit wonders such as Christian Slater, who is still looking for his first true commercial success (which he may have already found by pinch-hitting for the deceased River Phoenix in *Interview With a Vampire*), and Pierce "Give Me One More Chance, Again" Brosnan, your new James Bond.

II. BIG BROTHER IS LAUGHING AT YOU

Ed Rollins was President Ronald Reagan's reelection campaign manager in that most Orwellian of years, 1984. Reagan's landslide victory over Fritz Mondale was so thorough that insiders joked Rollins "lost Minnesota," the only possible criticism one could find in an almost flawless effort (and even *that* was Mondale's home state).

But in recent campaigns, the cantankerous political adviser has put together a string of mystifying political bungleings that, by all logic, should have ended his career.

And yet they haven't.

As head of the National Republican Congressional Committee in 1990, he advised party hopefuls running in mid-term elections to steer clear of President Bush, arguably dividing the GOP and helping to un-elect Bush two years later. Then, in the 1992 presidential campaign, career Republican Rollins visibly annoyed party ranks by enlisting in the Ross Perot camp—that is, of course, until egos clashed and Rollins quit.

The very next year, Rollins had seemingly redeemed himself, leading Christine Todd Whitman to an upset victory in the New Jersey gubernatorial race over

later denied the story, claiming to have fabricated it only to wage "psychological warfare" against his rival, James Carville, who was managing the Florio campaign.

"There are two schools of thought with regards to Ed Rollins following the Whitman debacle," a Washington-

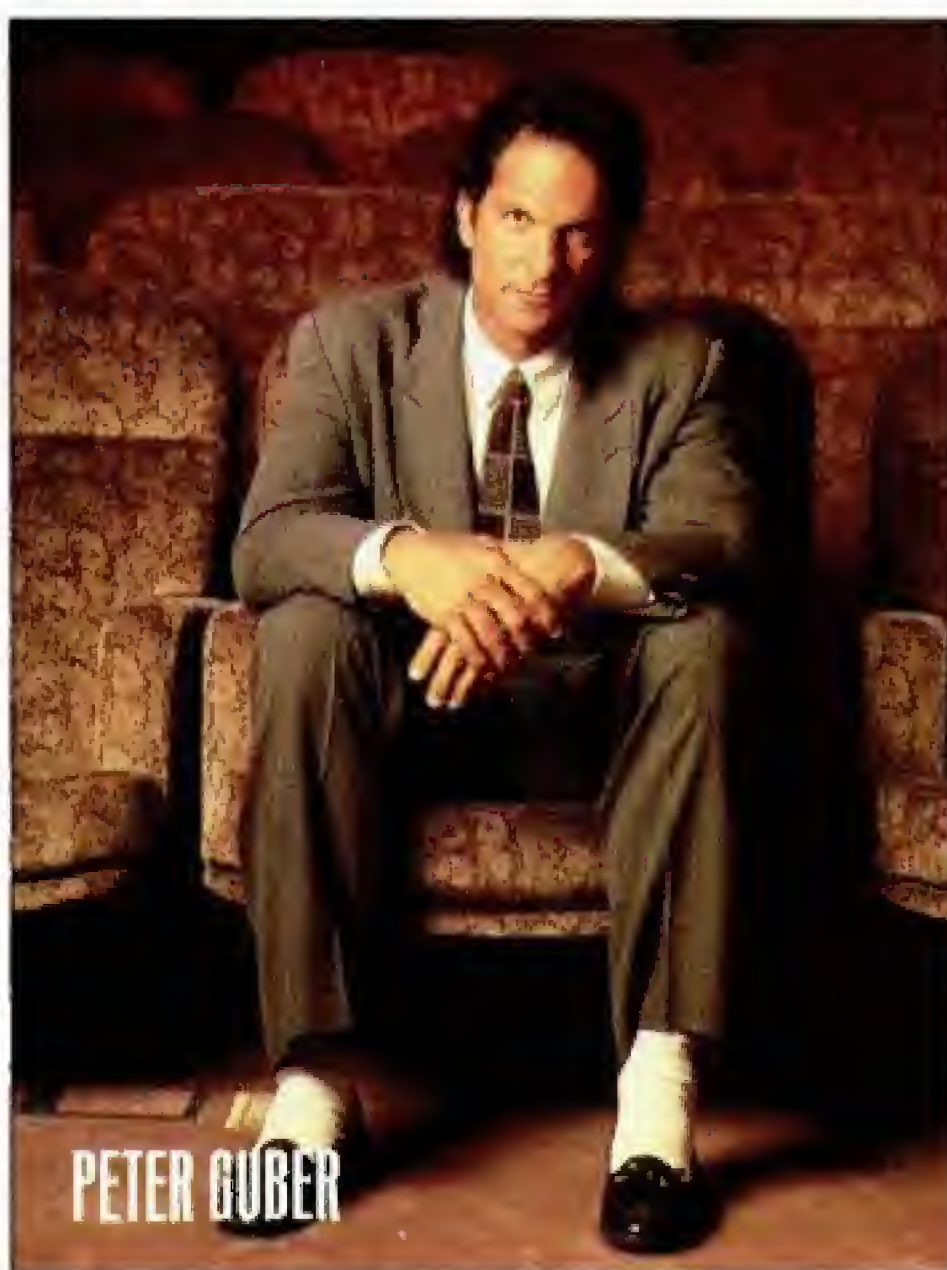
based political consultant told SPY. "One was that his career was over. The worst thing that can happen to a candidate is when their consultant becomes a liability. The other school, to which I subscribe, is that it would make absolutely no difference. It's whether or not you won, and Rollins won."

Enrollment in that second school of thought ballooned last fall, as Rollins was once again advising numerous high-profile campaigns, including those of California (né Texas) millionaire wacko Congressman Michael Huffington (who *lost* to incumbent Senator Dianne Feinstein); New York furniture heiress Bernadette Castro (who *lost* to incumbent Senator Daniel

Patrick Moynihan); and Colorado oil tycoon Bruce Benson (who *lost* to incumbent Governor Buddy Romer). Of course, this really doesn't matter. Given

who Rollins is, and given his constant exposure in the media, his career is likely to flourish—even as those whom he "advises" learn to polish up their concession speeches.

To buy credibility, a campaign will hire the best-known consultant available to run the campaign," said the consultant. "A political unknown with no known consultant is not a force. If I'm an unknown candidate and I hire an Ed Rollins, I'm telling the political movers and shakers—the opinion leaders and major bankrollers—that I'm a



900 MHz breakthrough!

New technology launches wireless speaker revolution...

Recoton develops breakthrough technology which transmits stereo sound through walls, ceilings and floors up to 150 feet.

By Charles Anton

If you had to name just one new product "the most innovative of the year," what would you choose? Well, at the recent *International Consumer Electronics Show*, critics gave Recoton's new wireless stereo speaker system the *Design and Engineering Award* for being the "most innovative and outstanding new product."

Recoton was able to introduce this whole new generation of powerful wireless speakers due to the advent of 900 MHz technology. This newly approved breakthrough enables Recoton's wireless speakers to rival the sound of expensive wired speakers.

Recently approved technology. In June of 1989, the *Federal Communications Commission* allocated a band of radio frequencies stretching from 902 to 928 MHz for wireless, in-home product applications. Recoton, one of the world's leading wireless speaker manufacturers, took advantage of the FCC ruling by creating and introducing a new speaker system that utilizes the recently approved frequency band to transmit clearer, stronger stereo signals throughout your home.



Crisp sound throughout your home. Just imagine being able to listen to your stereo, TV, VCR or CD player in any room of your home without having to run miles of speaker wire. Plus, you'll never have to worry about range because the new 900 MHz technology allows

150 foot range through walls!

Recoton gives you the freedom to listen to music wherever you want. Your music is no longer limited to the room your stereo is in. With the wireless headphones you can listen to your TV, stereo or CD player while you move freely between rooms, exercise or do other activities. And unlike infrared headphones, you don't have to be in a line-of-sight with the transmitter, giving you a full 150 foot range.

The headphones and speakers have their own built-in receiver, so no wires are needed between you and your stereo. One transmitter operates an unlimited number of speakers and headphones.



Recoton's transmitter sends music through walls to wireless speakers over a 75,000 square foot area.

stereo signals to travel over distances of 150 feet or more through walls, ceilings and floors without losing sound quality.

One transmitter, unlimited receivers. The powerful transmitter plugs into a headphone, audio-out or tape-out jack on your stereo or TV component, transmitting music wirelessly to your speakers or headphones. The speakers plug into an outlet. The one transmitter can broadcast to an unlimited number of stereo speakers and headphones. And since each speaker contains its own built in receiver/amplifier, there are no wires running from the stereo to the speakers.

Full dynamic range. The speaker, mounted in

a bookshelf-sized acoustically constructed cabinet, provides a two-way bass reflex design for individual bass boost control. Full dynamic range is achieved by the use of a 2" tweeter and 4" woofer. Plus, automatic digital lock-in



Breakthrough wireless speaker design blankets your home with music.



These wireless stereo headphones have a built-in receiver.

tuning guarantees optimum reception and eliminates drift. The new technology provides static-free, interference-free sound in virtually any environment. These speakers are also self-amplified; they can't be blown out no matter what your stereo's wattage.

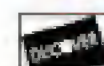
Stereo or hi-fi, you decide. These speakers have the option of either stereo or hi-fi sound. You can use two speakers, one set on right channel and the other on left, for full stereo separation. Or, if you just want an extra speaker in another room, set it on mono and listen to both channels on one speaker. Mono combines both left and right channels for hi-fi sound. This option lets you put a pair of speakers in the den and get full stereo separation or put one speaker in the kitchen and get complete hi-fi sound.

Factory direct savings. Our commitment to quality and factory direct pricing allows us to sell more wireless speakers than anyone! For this reason, you can get these speakers far below retail with our 90 day "Dare to Compare" money-back guarantee and full one year manufacturer's warranty. For a limited time, the Recoton transmitter is only \$69. It will operate an unlimited number of wireless speakers priced at \$89 and wireless headphones at \$59 each. Your order will be processed in 72 hours and shipped UPS.

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Built-in receiver and amplifier:

The wireless speaker and headphones both contain a built-in receiver and amplifier. Signals are picked up and transmitted as far as 150 feet away through walls without the use of wires.



Don't take our word for it. Try it yourself. We're so sure you'll love the new award-winning Recoton wireless speaker system that we offer you the **Dare to Compare Speaker Challenge**. Compare Recoton's rich sound quality to that of any \$200 wired speaker. If you're not completely convinced that these wireless speakers offer the same outstanding sound quality as wired speakers, simply return them within 90 days for a full "No Questions Asked" refund.

Recoton's Design and Engineering Award



candidate with credibility."

Not necessarily, of course, a candidate who's destined to actually *win* an election.

On the Democrats' side is Patrick Caddell, whose coming aboard Walter Mondale's ship during the 1984 presidential election may have told "political movers and shakers" something, but it was probably not what donkey-crats were hoping. After advising Gary Hart's foundering presidential campaign during the same year, former political pollster boy Caddell jumped ship to Mondale's camp, just in time to help Fritz lose that 49-state blowout. Political insiders were not surprised, however, because Caddell had been blown out before. In 1972, he was a key adviser to George McGovern during *his* 49-state landslide loss to Richard Nixon.

In between his work on the two most staggering defeats in modern presidential elections, Caddell had one other stunning failure to his credit: A Caddell associate told SPY that, as a member of Jimmy Carter's inner circle, Caddell was the "main author" of Carter's infamous crisis-in-confidence speech of the late-1970s. A timely reminder of the gloomy "misery index," the speech wallowed in the national malaise that President Carter felt was crippling the nation, and ultimately it cemented Carter's image as an ineffective and depressing leader.

"That speech never actually used the word 'malaise,'" said the associate, "and Carter's popularity ratings [actually] shot up after the speech. I don't think you can call someone a failure who from 1972 to 1988 was a principal adviser to the person who won the [presidential]

Is it possible that one man could be even *somewhat* responsible for the two worst presidential election losses in American history, one of the least-regarded political speeches of the modern era, *and* New Coke? How does anyone with such a poor track record keep getting people to listen to him?

"He's like a Svengali," said the political consultant, who is also familiar with Caddell. "He has a profound belief that the system is fundamentally corrupt, and he finds people to champion his message. The thing is, there probably [was] a malaise. And I *like* New Coke. It's just a matter of political advisability. He almost wrecked the Democratic Party for a generation."

Currently, Caddell hosts a "Los Angeles-area cable-television version of *The McLaughlin Group*," according to the associate. Although he retreated to California to "retire" from politics after Biden's failed 1988 presidential bid, Caddell is far from collecting Social Security. At 44, he's still got a lot of losing to do.



III. WHY: THE MAGAZINE

Swing and *Shift* are not, as one might think, two competing proletariat dailies. They are but two of the latest embarkations in the magazine armada, the former being captained by David Lauren, son of King Ralph. Should they sail on gracefully, more power to them. Should they sink like a Charlie Sheen movie, well...more power to them.

Confused? So is the wacky world of magazines. It seems that going to journalism school, landing an internship at a respected publication, and working your way up the corporate ladder are all exercises in futility. On the other hand, an almost fail-safe

passage to the elusive "top" of the magazine industry is a failed start-up of one's own magazine.

Demographics for such a project are just so much nonsense. One only need meet two prerequisites: 1) connect on some level, however remote, to the pop-

Caddell was responsible for the two worst presidential losses in history, one of the worst political speeches, *and* New Coke.

election or nearly won it."

True. But Caddell has since advised political deadweights Joseph Biden and Jerry Brown, and, believe it or not, was a principal marketing adviser for one of the biggest disasters in American corporate history: New Coke.

culture zeitgeist, and 2) more important, at all costs, fail. Fail *intentionally*. Make your editorial mandate "Large Commercial Failure." But be bold; fail like no one has ever failed before.

Like *Smart*, *Egg*, *Fame*, *Wig-Wag*, *Lear's*, *New York*



Pro athletic trainer's therapeutic massage tool finally available for home use...

Now you can relieve muscle pain and tension in as little as 30 seconds by using the same tool professional athletic trainers use

by John Lindner

Massage. Most people consider it a luxury. But if you've experienced pain from a tension-filled muscle, you know just how important it can be.

For years, professional athletes have known the benefits of therapeutic massage, and have made it an essential part of their daily routine. Of course, they have a professional trainer at their disposal and have access to professional equipment we can only dream of using. Until now.

Professional edge. Now, the same equipment used by professional trainers and therapists to relieve painful muscle tension is available for home use. This breakthrough, the Flex Trainer, is the same massager proven effective in locker rooms and hospitals across the country.

Proven results. Drugs can't do it. Other massagers can't do it. Only the Flex Trainer, with its linear massage method, is clinically proven to relieve muscle tension by 65% in just 30 seconds.

The natural solution. Most people rely on drugs or sports creams to relieve muscle pain. But these only mask the pain, and could cause you to inflict further damage on your muscles. Instead of simply masking pain, the Flex Trainer relieves it by solving the problem—muscle tension.

Clinically tested. A recent medical study found that slow linear vibration is more effective than orbital vibration in relieving tension. It went on to say that various kinds of lower back pain, athletic injuries, or other conditions involving painful muscle tension would be better treated with low-speed linear vibration.

Professional use. Pro athletic trainers have made linear massage a part of their regular therapy. Houston Rockets athletic trainer Ray Melchiorre recommends the Flex Trainer, not just for its documented effectiveness, but because the players love it. Gary Briggs of the Cleveland Cavaliers says, "I have



The linear advantage.

Not all massagers are the same. Most have a massage head that vibrates in all directions. Instead of relaxing the muscle during use they actually tighten it! The Flex Trainer is different. It uses a technique called linear vibration, where the massage head pulsates in only one direction—focused to a specific area. This method not only produces a deeper massage (57% more penetration than other massagers), but it has also been proven to be highly effective in relaxing painful tension-filled muscles. A 30-second use releases muscle tension by as much as 65%.

Reduce injuries. Not only does the Flex Trainer help relieve painful muscle tension, but using it also increases flexibility. Professional trainers know that the prevention of injuries is directly related to increased flexibility. In fact, clinical research in sports medicine sites flexibility as a principal component in the structural integrity of the muscle-tendon relationship.

The choice of professionals

The Flex Trainer is used by many pro sports teams, including...

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Cleveland Cavaliers
New York Knicks
Indiana Pacers
Portland Trailblazers

Detroit Lions
Dallas Cowboys
Philadelphia Eagles
Buffalo Bills
Atlanta Falcons

When he was with the Boston Celtics, trainer Ray Melchiorre developed a flexibility program which created a dramatic reduction in his players' muscle pulls and related injuries. We've included Ray's flexibility training chart so you can start taking advantage of flexibility to improve your health.

been a trainer at the professional level for 11 years; I can assure you that the Flex Trainer is superior to any massage product I have experienced."

Risk-free offer. All Comtrad products are backed by our "No Questions Asked" money-back guarantee. If you're not satisfied with the Flex Trainer, simply return it within 30 days for a full refund. The Flex Trainer is also backed by a one-year manufacturer's warranty.

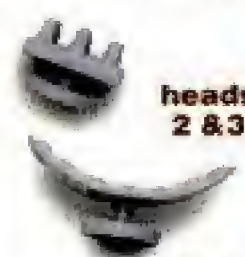
Six operating modes, three heads.

The Flex Trainer has six different modes of operation, compared to the two most massagers have. It also has three heads...

1 The first head (built-in) is designed for general massage applications.



Flex Trainer & head 1



heads 2 & 3

2 The second head's nine-point applicator focuses energy to a specific site.

3 The third head's arched applicator is designed for use on large muscle areas. Its shape simulates the open hand of a therapist.

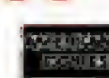
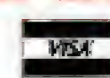
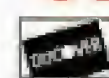
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Woman, Sassy, Savvy (and, almost, we admit it, *SPY*), and the big *macher* of failed enterprises, *7 Days*, before it, your magazine would likely enjoy a limited run and generally positive acclaim. More important, its creators (and most of its employees) would immediately be snapped up (for

failures—or should we say *because* of them—Pratt was hired by Time-Warner to develop magazine and television projects.

And who will replace her at *Sassy*? Well, before Ed Kosner was chosen to pick up the pieces at *Esquire*, one

For a successful career in magazines, one need only to fail—intentionally. But be bold. Fail like no one has ever failed before.

better jobs and more money) by better established, more prestigious competitors after it bit the dust.

The current editorial adviser of *Swing* is certainly familiar with the concept. Having founded *New York* magazine in 1968, Clay Felker established himself as a magazine publishing legend. But in the last 30 years (as *SPY* dutifully reported in 1990), Felker has taken a “Voyage to the Bottom of the Newsstand,” stopping along the way at *U.S. News & World Report*, *Esquire*, *Adweek*, *East Side Express*, *New West* (which he founded in 1976, which later became *California*, and which is now defunct), and *Manhattan, inc.*

“He’s the king of failing upwards,” said a New York media critic, who, perhaps an augur of hope for Lauren and his staff, doesn’t give *Swing* much of a chance. “Magazines that scream out ‘I am a demographic niche’ tend not to work out.”

Similarly, Jane Pratt, the cacophonous former editor-in-chief of the almost universally revered *Sassy* magazine, went on to successively host a Fox television show (Fox pulled the plug) and a Lifetime television show (which also died) before her *Sassy* days were cut short last fall. In the meantime, interesting revelations started to appear about the seemingly unsinkable *Sassy* ship.

Sassy never came anywhere *near* breaking even,” giggled the media critic. “Yes, it made a splash, and it was different, but even her [stewardship] was a complete myth. She became a figurehead, doing her unwatchable television shows. When *New York* magazine profiled her, she [even] staged an editorial meeting.”

Yet, in spite of her multimedia

name bandied about as a possible replacement for exiting editor Terry McDonnell was Adam Moss. In fact, just about *any* time an editorial vacancy exists near the top of *any* publication, Moss’s name is bandied about.

“This speaks as much to the lack of imagination of the

people doing the bandying as it does to anything else,” said the media critic. But the defunct *New York* weekly *7 Days*, of which Moss was the editor, is such a holy utterance in the publishing world that Moss has achieved godhead status akin to a revered political figure whose name is consistently mentioned as a possible draftee candidate.

After full-time jobs at *Esquire* and *Rolling Stone*, Moss gathered quite a reputation as a talented hotshot. In 1988 he was chosen to edit *7 Days*, which Leonard Stern created to go after a different advertising market than the *Village Voice* (which he also owned). The magazine was lauded with encomiums—including the National Magazine Award for

General Excellence—and yet Stern killed the project less than two years after its birth.

“[*7 Days*]’ circulation was largely giveaway,” reported *Mediaweek* in January 1991, “forcing the magazine to depend entirely on ad revenue, which was not forthcoming.”

Nevertheless, as the *New York Times* reported in September of 1990, “every member of [*7 Days*]’ 32-person editorial staff who wanted a job has found one.” Such a publishing feeding frenzy is a clear example of the Mere Exposure Effect, though some of those staffers were lucky enough to go on to future flops, including *M inc.*, *Egg*, and *Smart* (two also later worked for *SPY*). And, as time passes on, editors seem to recall the *7 Days* days as a milk-and-honied paradise.

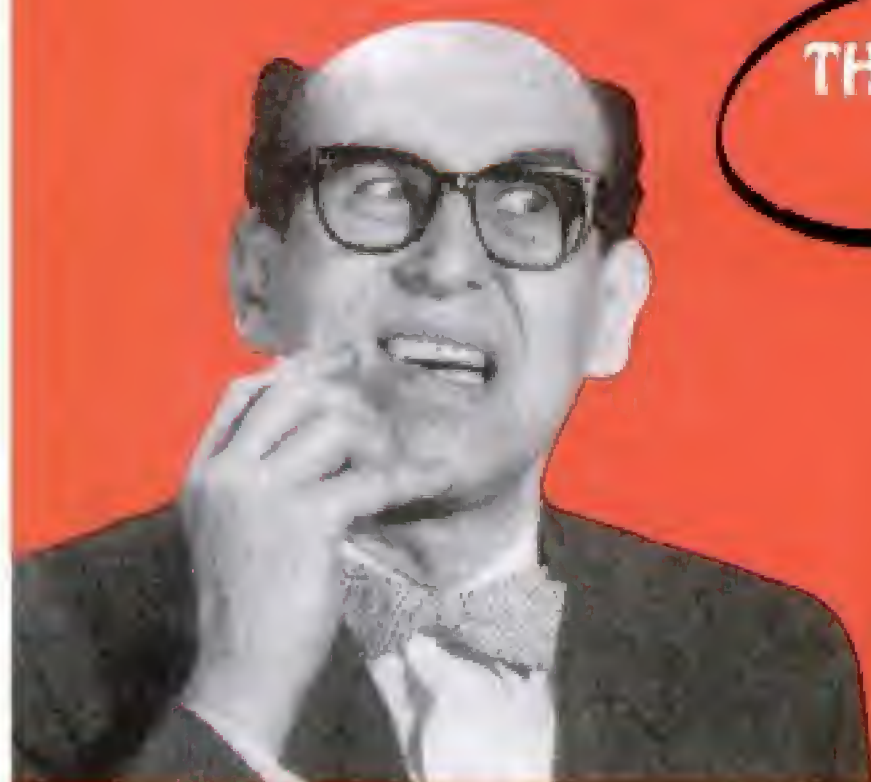
“Its reputation is ridiculously out of proportion to reality,” admitted the media critic. “The amount of esteem people have pumped retroactively into its two



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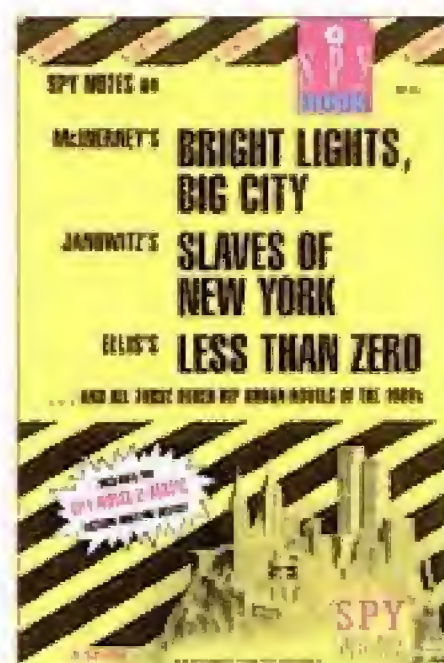
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W H Y

years is equivalent to 40 years of *The New Yorker*. And there are dozens of *7 Days* goodwill ambassadors around who continue to do so."

Moss, too, landed a job, and a publishing plum at that. The *New York Times* created a sort of roving-editor position for him which they called "consulting editor," and Moss helped the paper launch its "Styles" section in 1991. When "Styles" debuted, reported *New York* magazine in May 1993, one competitor sniffed that it was "done without imagination or context...the old *7 Days* on bad paper." In the same piece, a *Times* editor sneered, "It isn't so much hip as fatuous." An item in an early "Styles" section proffered ideas for free New York activities, one of which was "watching the homeless."

While his former colleagues, some of whom are now in the newsroom, comprised what came to be known as the "*7 Days* mafia," Moss moved on to a project heralded by the *Times* as *The Industry*. This was a proposed insider's gossip sheet about behind-the-scenes action in the movie, music, media, publishing, advertising, and fashion businesses. Though word was generally positive, the project was killed.

But remember: In this business, that's a *good thing*.

On to the *New York Times Magazine* for Mr. Moss. After a much-heralded change in format, the new magazine is pretty much the same as its predecessor. "The magazine never seems to get its act together because it doesn't know what it's supposed to be," one *Times* veteran told SPY. "A number of people have taken a shot at it. It's still relatively undistinguished."

What could possibly be left for Moss to do? Even the media critic, who is a Moss supporter, admits "there's nothing worse than being an aging wunderkind."

CAFÉ LATTE TO GO-GO-GO
Before Kurt Cobain burst forth from its rainy clime, the city of

Seattle was a remote outpost of American culture, often synonymous with failure. Because it is so heavily dependent on the cyclical logging and defense industries, recessions could practically shut the city down. When layoffs at Boeing looked particularly grim in the 1970s, a legendary billboard asked: **WILL THE LAST PERSON TO LEAVE SEATTLE PLEASE TURN OFF THE LIGHTS?**

The Emerald City's sports teams were emblematic of its reputation for settling for less. The Supersonics, Seattle's NBA franchise, had the best regular-season record in the NBA last season, but gasped and wheezed through a humiliating first-round exit at the hands of the inexperienced Denver Nuggets. Oafish Brian Bosworth was a highly touted linebacking prospect for the NFL's Seattle Seahawks, but after signing a multi-million-dollar contract, "the Boz" flopped, got injured, and retired. Then the seemingly glam-rock-influenced pretty boy began a highly touted movie career, but after signing a multi-million-dollar contract, the Boz flopped, got injured, and retired.

And before the 1994 Major League Baseball season began, when the divisional structure in place since 1969 was changed from four to six divisions, only three of 28 teams had yet to win a single divisional title: Cleveland, Texas, and lowly Seattle. Seattle and Texas were transferred from a seven-team division to a four-team division, improving the chances that one of them would end the title drought. In the strike-shortened season, one of them "did"—Texas—while Seattle languished near the bottom.

"It's true that the Mariners—I guess the word is—suck," said Dr. Greenwald. "They're regarded as failures. But I think you're giving Seattle a bad rap. People think it rains here all the time, but it doesn't."

But that's typical Seattle. "There's always been a cynical nature and a warped side to the Northwest character," said Gillian Gaar, senior editor of *The Rocket*, an alternative

Seattle bi-monthly newspaper. "We've always had a high rate of serial killers—Ted Bundy and the Green River Killer. And Bellevue, a nearby suburb, has always had a high rate of suicides. Weather has a lot to do with it. If you don't get exposed to the sun a lot, the lack of [it] brings on depression."

Then the quirky city actually started to gain *attention* for its macabre ambience. First David Lynch set *Twin Peaks* in the mountains outside the city. And then the long-burgeoning music scene exploded nationwide, as Nirvana and Pearl Jam were tagged "grunge bands." In the wake of grunge, the movie *Singles* and the hit series *Frasier* tried to capitalize on GenX consumerism and vicarious baby-boomers with their hip-seeking missiles.

"In the early 1990s people were looking for a pure place," Anthony DeCurtis, senior editor of *Rolling Stone*, told SPY. "The Pacific Northwest kind of filled that bill. With syringes washing up on the shore, the greenhouse effect, cities rotting, environmental disasters, Seattle kind of burst onto the scene. And it was not a media center. After the 1980s... [Seattle's] remoteness had appeal, and the anti-fashion/anti-Eighties stance of these bands was an allure."

What San Francisco was to the 1960s, Seattle has become to the 1990s. But there's a catch: The fertile cradle of grunge is also the toxic Love Canal of the Muzak Corporation. And many of the artists who perform in grunge bands by night slog in the Muzak pits by day. Even Bruce Pavitt, co-founder of legendary grunge label Sub Pop records, got his start at Muzak, as did Mark Arm (Mudhoney), Tad Doyle (Tad), and Kim Thayil (Soundgarden).

C/Z Records, a local independent label, picked up on the irony of the city's two biggest musical exports, and released a parody record called "Grunge Lite," featuring Muzak-esque versions of local bands' grunge songs. Perfect elevator music for those, well, going up. ☾



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How do we

Hey, if dim-witted CIA official Aldrich Ames can make millions as a Russian spy, so can you—without getting caught! After all, Ames virtually flew a hammer-and-sickle flag on his front lawn before anyone bothered to notice he'd paid for his house in cash.

One of the greatest spies of all time, John Walker, has said that "Kmart protects its toothpaste better than the Navy protects its secrets." And he should know, being an expert and all. Despite dropping out of high school, Walker managed to turn his lowly job as a U.S. Navy radioman into a lucrative contract with the KGB. His all-in-the-family espionage ring—involving his brother, his son, and his best friend—flourished for nearly two decades and generated a cool \$1 million.

But, you know what? Walker wasn't an expert at all. What he had, in terms of the spy trade, was "placement" and "access." It's simple: His placement as a radio operator gave him access to secrets. Not only could he read the Navy's secret radio traffic, he could handle their codes, too.

So, like many red-blooded Americans stuck in routine, low-paying jobs (and knee-deep in debt), he began to wonder how much this stuff would be worth if he were to, say, shop it around. You know, give the Soviets a secret document, and they can read it for a day; give them the codes, and they can read documents for years. With that, Walker was off on a new career.

But the Cold War is over, you're saying. And the Russians are broke. Just how much money can a spy make in a world where the Communist threat has been reduced to a whimper?

As it turns out, the job market for spies is healthier than ever. Consider this: There are a lot more countries now that the Soviet Union is gone, and they all need new spies. Ironically, the Cold War's demise has unleashed old allies to escalate their spying activities against each other. So now it's Germany, Japan, and France; plus all the old Soviet-bloc nations of Eastern Europe; plus Israel, the Saudis, and even little South Korea who are buying secrets.

The bottom line is, everybody wants secrets. Getting your hands on timely information about Intel's Pentium chip could save a foreign country billions in research and development—and make you a millionaire in the process.

I. Who?

"A number of nations friendly to the United States have engaged in industrial espionage," FBI associate executive director Oliver Revell told the *Wall Street Journal* way back in 1990.

"They are robbing us blind," fumed Raymond Rocca, a former CIA counterintelligence director, last year in a book called *Friendly Spies*.

They refers to several foreign corporations who enlist hundreds, perhaps thousands, of fresh-faced Americans to spy their pants off. According to one insider, one whole floor of Maroushkin's Manhattan headquarters has been given over to its North American spying teams. And then there's Walter Lenahan and Edward Gottfried, just two of the more than 30 senior U.S. trade representatives who have turned insider knowledge into big-time cash as foreign agents.

Textiles appears to be one of the bigger rackets. On Friday, February 7, 1986, Lenahan was the chief U.S. negotiator in textile talks with Asian governments. By the following Monday he was already at work for Hong Kong textile manufacturers. Even better, Gottfried left his job as deputy director of the Commerce Department's Office of Textiles and Apparel only to set himself up as a consultant to the very foreign governments and companies that try to negotiate better tariff agreements (on textiles) with the very U.S. government agency Gottfried had been working for. Four years later, Gottfried went back to work for the U.S. government as an advisor on—guess what? Textiles.

Right now you may be thinking: But how can I be a spy? I'm not a CIA official; I don't know any secrets; I don't work for

~~the government. Come to think of it, I~~
~~don't even have a job.~~
~~Just because you're a slacker doesn't~~
~~mean you don't have a sense of~~
~~adventure. After all, some of history's most out-~~
~~standing spies were men of letters. William~~
~~Kampiles, for example, was pulling desk~~
~~duty on the CIA when he noticed that~~
 copies of a top-secret manual disclosing how
 to use the KH-11 "Big Bird" surveillance
 satellite were just lying around. He stuffed a
 copy underneath his shirt, walked out, and
 later sold it to a Soviet agent in Athens for
 \$3,000.

Of course, if you're just starting out, se-
 curity is always a good field to look into. Just
 ask Christopher Boyce, the high-school-grad-
 uate-turned-professional-spy who, while
 working as a security guard for a TRW
 Corporation facility in California, managed to
 photograph top-secret plans for the CIA's ma-
 nipulation of elections in Australia. Boyce lat-
 er described how his supervisors kept busy
 making cocktails, using "a code-destruction ma-
 chine similar to a blender." Meanwhile, he kept
 busy making a small fortune feeding documents
 to the Russians. For his efforts, he went on to be-
 come the subject of a book and feature film, *The*
Falcon and the Snowman.

By following the examples of Kampiles and Boyce, you too
 can achieve fame and fortune in the espionage game. And the
 best part? No experience necessary.

The fact
 is that most
 spies are
 caught by
 accident.
 That doesn't
 have to in-
 clude you.

II. How?

We know: You're worried about the
 intricate methods, the sophisticated
 equipment, and the nerves of steel re-
 quired for high-tech spying in today's
 technologically advanced global commu-
 nity. Relax. Stealing documents, at least
 in the beginning, is a cinch. Consider
 the case of Jeffrey Carney, a former Air
 Force sergeant who sold military secrets
 to the East Germans. At first, Carney be-
 lieved he lacked the right stuff. But he
 soon learned that taking pictures of clas-
 sified information (among other things)
 wasn't so difficult. He would later illus-
 trate this to members of "Project
 Slammer"—a U.S. intelligence pro-
 gram designed to learn about spying
 from convicted spies:

*I was set to photograph a few hundred
 pages with a camera; it was the first time
 I'd used the camera. I took a huge document
 and another huge document with me, went
 into an unsecured room, laid the documents
 out on the table (and) started photograph-*
ing... I was walked in on two times while

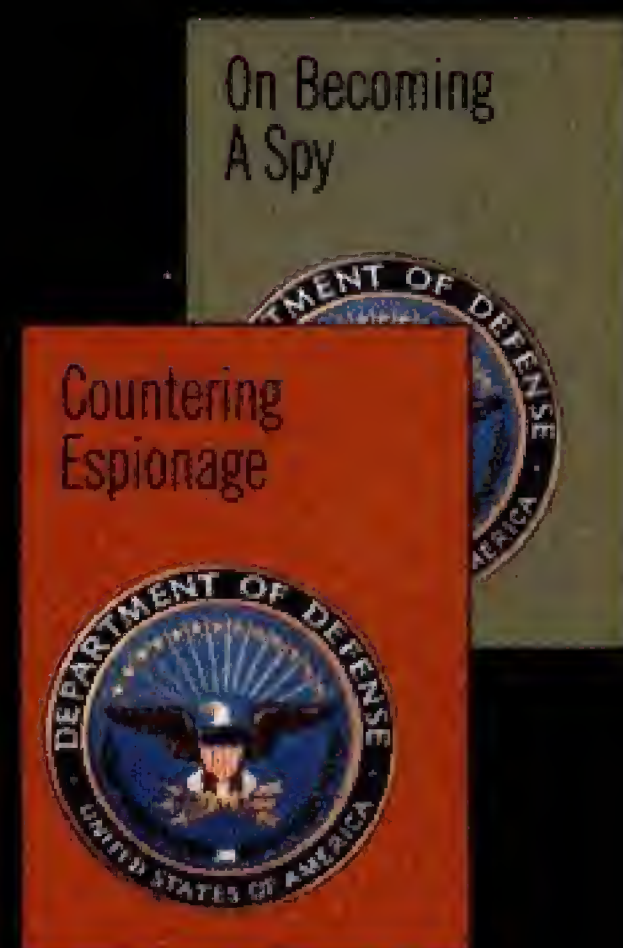
~~I was photographing. My face went red as a beet because my blood pres-~~
~~sure was unbelievable, and the people went, 'Oh, come on, it didn't~~
~~take you were lucky.' And they turned around and walked out.~~
~~Other spies have explained how, when guests observed~~
~~them doing something out of the ordinary, espionage was the~~

Now Available on Video...

Want to know if a career as a spy is really for you? Then make sure you get "Countering Espionage,"
 the exciting new video series from the Department of Defense Security Institute. Based on interviews
 with 13 convicted spies, "Countering Espionage" is designed to help government workers to—well, to
 counterespionage.

Of course, you can learn such valuable tips as, *Take the documents home first and copy them even*
if you don't really need to. This is called a "security precaution." One of the videos, titled *It's Not a*
Victimless Crime, is full of dramatic testimony about "the personal damage done by espionage to the of-
fender and to his family members." Potential spies will also want to get a copy of the latest in the se-
ries, On Becoming a Spy, which reportedly includes lots of tips on grooming and office politics.

All of these videos are classified at the lowly "For Official Use Only," so you should be able to get one
 free by checking the trash of any Pentagon employee. The next two in the series, *Damage to the Nation*
 and the compelling *How Spies Are Caught*, are classified "secret," which means you'll have to get your





Above, clockwise from upper left: William Kampiles, Aldrich Ames, John A. Walker Jr., and Michael Walker.

congressman to send you one. Future releases include *Security Indoctrination* and *Security Beyond the Exit Briefing*, which studio sources hint may see the return of Herb Philbrick, the star of the Fifties TV series *I Led Three Lives*, in a cameo.

All the videos are drawn from a government intelligence program called "Project Slammer." One intelligence source in particular thought the program was highly secret—until I broke the news to him that an unclassified government brochure about it had just turned up in my mailbox.

last thing on their minds. Even Michael Walker, recruited into espionage by his father John, said that fellow sailors in the code room of his Navy ship "saw what I was doing but never took any notice. There were a couple of times when it got kind of close, but I was pretty good at lying."

Besides, a robust interest in documents is often seen as a healthy thing. When Carney began to gather classified documents outside his normal areas of access, he was viewed as an eager beaver striving to get ahead. "I was ostensibly trying to further my education and get the big picture," he said. "I was putting my nose in books where I didn't belong...talking to people, gathering information from conversations. It was actually very obvious, I felt. Somebody should have noticed."

Likewise, Thomas Dolce, a Department of the Army civilian intelligence analyst who volunteered to spy for South Africa, said that his co-workers "might have noticed" the fact that he "liked to read government reports." That, plus he seemed to make a lot of Xerox copies.

So why *don't* more people "notice" when someone with access to classified documents and secret codes starts carrying a Kodak FunSaver to work every day? And why *isn't* suspicion aroused when a co-worker spends most of his or her lunch hour hanging out in the photocopy room? Walker's brother, Arthur, said that "a lot of people just tend to mind their own business....As far as feeling threatened or [worrying about] somebody detecting what I was attempting to do, I don't think I even thought of that really."

Thus spies develop a sense of immunity when carrying out their missions. And how do they come to be above suspicion? James Wood, yet another Russian mole, explained: "I don't think my co-workers had any inkling that I was upset enough to do something like this. I wouldn't have expected [it from] anyone in my position. I was trusted. I don't think there was anybody that I worked with who didn't trust me. And I trusted everyone that I worked with."

No one
seemed to
notice that
Dolce liked
to read lots
of classified
government
reports.

And so, what are the implications for American intelligence operations and wannabe spies? One counterintelligence expert, who insisted upon remaining anonymous, said that for every Rick Ames they've caught (and yes, occasionally people *do* get caught) "another 15 or 20—who knows how many more" are still at work.

Still at work, perhaps. If not, then comfortably retired.

III. WHY?

One possible reason why so few spies are ever suspected of their activities, much less caught red-handed at them, is that the industry is only slightly more opportunistic than most of modern Hollywood. Fewer than a fourth of the 117 Americans convicted for spying since World War II were recruited by foreign intelligence agencies, according to a Defense Department study. The rest were volunteers (62.9 percent) or recruited by family or friends (14.7 percent).

The fact is that most spies are caught by accident, but that doesn't have to include you. If you want to start a new career as a spy, simply begin

thinking about what you have in the way of placement and access.

For example, say you're a mail-room clerk at General Dynamics, Rockwell, or some other military free-loader. Think of all the classified documents flowing through your fingers every day—stuff about submarines, satellites, toilet seats. Why not open a few envelopes? The same goes for bicycle couriers, receptionists, and computer wonks called in to fix the company's systems. You can be a janitor, telephone repairman, security guard, typist, even a nanny, for chrissakes.

Perhaps you work in a photocopying shop near the White House. You think you can't find some classified documents in one of those orders that would otherwise end up in the *Washington Post*? The same with you people working for escort services: Think of the valuable secrets you can get your hands on!

Once you've secured placement, can access be far behind?

Say you're working in the hat-check room of Le Cirque. You're handling the coats of hundreds of people you've seen on TV. Don't you think that just one of the coats belonging to those big shots might have classified documents in it?

Think what you could do if, say, Henry Kissinger handed you his coat one afternoon. We aren't talking about someone who makes millions by clipping the *New York Times*. His clients pay him immense sums to know what's going on inside the government, where he still has a vast network of suck-ups and other social climbers.

So what's he going to do when he comes to lunch—put all those classified papers on the table where they might get splashed with vinaigrette? Keep them in a briefcase at his feet where the waiter might trip over them? Of course not. He's going to leave them in his coat pocket or his briefcase in the hatcheck room—just the place where you could slip a page or two out of his stash and he wouldn't even notice.

And when you're done, make sure you spread the word(s): access and placement. ☛

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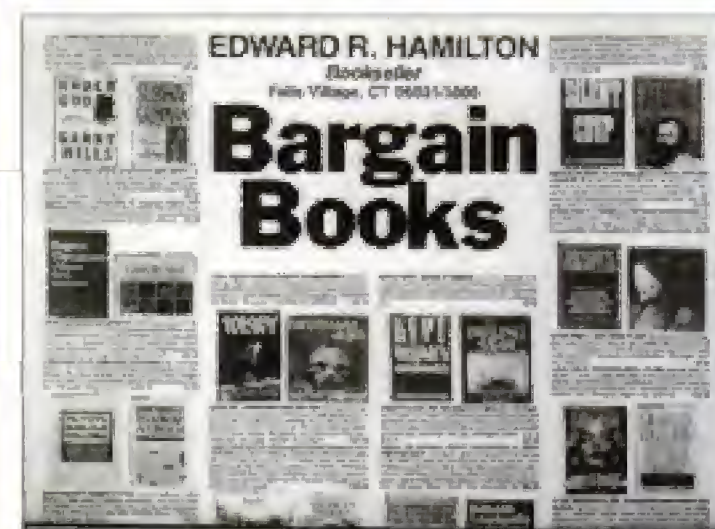
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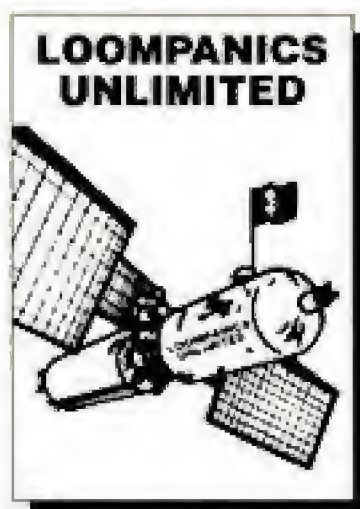
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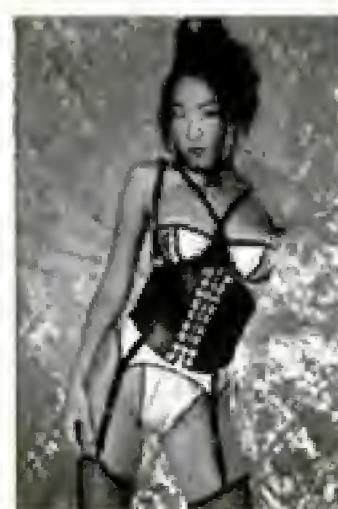
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The Signs They Are a-Changin'

LOCAL POLITICS, normally the very fount and source of all that is boring, becomes oddly gripping when it presents you with the possibility of damage to your property, harm to your person, and an encounter with Fear. I should know. This past November, our local bid for state senator featured two candidates: a nice young man for the Democrats (call him "D"); and a nice young man for the Republicans ("R"). D was short, mild-mannered, thoughtful, sincere—in sum, too good for the roller-derby-in-business-suits that is contemptible, sorry, contemporary politics. We (my wife and I) liked him.

R, if one may begin a sentence thus, was, in contrast, a big, bluff, back-slapping, glad-handing football-player type. He was a tower of disingenuousness and evasion and, in sum, the Great Big Hope of our local GOP organization. We didn't like him. Therefore I was shocked to learn that: a) my wife had invited R to speak before a small gathering of our friends about a week before the election; and b) he had accepted. "That speaks well for him," I noted, affording him no less than any other man or woman the even-handed, disinterested sense of fairness for which I routinely congratulate myself.

The day before the discussion was to take place, there occurred a series of events so monstrous that, even today, I cannot look back and recall them without experiencing, if not an actual jolt of Fear, then a mild tremor of "Fearre" (all the frisson, none of the lingering trauma). On that very day, someone stole the sign exhorting support for D that we had staked in our front yard and *replaced* it with a better art-directed, more attractive sign in favor of R!

Outraged? I stamped my little foot, I was so furious. "This is *theft*!" I thought. "And *tresspass*! And..." Okay, perhaps it was little more than a frat-boy prank perpetrated, not (presumably) by the candidate himself, but by his high-spirited surrogates. Fine.

I ripped down the sign, stuffed it into a manilla envelope, and made plans to hand it to R, who, coincidentally, I was to hear speak at a candidates' breakfast at our local synagogue an hour later. I then packed son and three neighbor girls into the car and drove them to Hebrew School at the same synagogue. We had been driving for ten minutes when the car began to hobble and bobble and lag. I pulled over to take a look.

We had a flat tire.

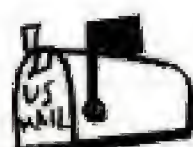
Ladies and gentlemen of the jury, how paranoid does one have to be to connect the two events? Is there a man-jack or woman-jill among you who did not just now think, "Ha! (You fool/Oh dear, you poor man), they slashed

PAUL CORIO



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your tire"? I tell you, I sat on that folding chair in that auditorium, stared with icy malignity at R up there at the speaker's table, and stoked the fires of my wrath. I couldn't wait to confront the man, shove the damned sign into his giant's hands, and denounce him *and* his campaign as a sinkhole of treachery.

I was not overreacting. A switcheroo of yard signs, fine. I can take a joke. Ha ha ha. But to endanger innocent children (well, kind of), and to force innocent me to change a tire in the rain! Outwardly I remained calm but inwardly I seethed.

Still, you'd have to be a complete madman to rage unchecked while surrounded by Hadassah ladies, their husbands, and free-lance citizens. So I directed my not inconsiderable mental powers to the mini cheese danishes on the tables along the periphery: Were there any left? And what about those sticky little buns? How disruptive—or worse, gauche—would it be were I to actually get up, sidle past the concerned voters, and pile up a little paper plate of snackies?

Titans of discipline such as Benjamin Franklin or Madonna might sneer at such a loss of focus and flagging of purpose, but it was then, my attention somewhere between thoughts of vengeance and pastry, that the true meaning of this squalid little episode disclosed itself. With a true pang of you-know-what, I realized the thing that newly famous people realize, that celebrities learn to live with every day of their fabulous lives, and that we all must encounter when our fifteen minutes begins: In the public realm, you are fair game.

True, your home is your castle. But your castle is surrounded by society, and we all know how nuts society is. Indeed, how, in the manner in which Toys "R" Us, Society "Is" Nuts (i.e., composed of "nuts"). There are people for whom a home is not so much a castle as a halfway house. You know—goons, thugs, creeps, hoodlums, naughty teens, sociopathic adults, that lot. They're out there, and their idea of a good time is to "get" you. They'll do it on their own, of course, but they'll

also do it in the hire of, or as a favor to, more respectable types.

As a result, your sense of safety is tenuous and contingent. The barrier that you assume exists between you and injustice is like those electromagnetic-force-field "invisible fences" used to keep dogs in the yard: dogs dare to cross the line, and a signal received by their collar zaps them with a charge. The world is full of people willing to take their collars off and cross the line without the slightest zap. Sure, there ought to be a law, and indeed there is a law. It's called THE LAW. But the law is a big, torn, indifferently maintained net through which many icky fish manage to swim.

Our harassment, if indeed it was that, was nothing. But what about people who really do commit public acts of consequence—acts that place them squarely within the crosshairs of the Body Lunatic? Civil-rights protestors, corporate whistle-blowers, environmental activists, that lot. What must *they* put up with?

As R left the podium, I buttonholed him off to the side and hissed my complaint. He denied everything. He claimed his own signs had been stolen, his own car defaced, blah, blah, blah. Then he took back the sign.

What I wanted him to say: *This tire was slashed with a knife, probably wielded by a Republican, who then further destroyed the tread with an assault weapon.*

What he actually said: "I didn't find anything strange about it."

We parted civilly. I decided to withhold judgment pending the expert opinion of my mechanic as to the pathology of the flat.

Ultimately, R showed up at the discussion and entertained—or at least listened to—all questions. Our friends (and I) spoke compellingly and from an impressive variety of viewpoints. R's replies were predictable, good-humored, and unsatisfying. Afterward, we all marveled at the hands-on accessibility afforded by politics in a small town. On Election Day we voted firmly for D. Out of a total of 62,439 votes cast, R won by 141. —*Ellis Weiner*

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SPY Reader Survey

While it may seem ironic when a self-proclaimed fearless bastion of editorial fortitude asks you, the reader, to tell us how well we're doing the jobs we were presumably hired to do, not a night goes by when the entire staff does not fling open our windows and scream, "Hey, world! Help us out, please!" If you choose to surrender your time to this survey, mail it to us at SPY Reader Survey, 49 East 21st Street, 11th Floor, New York, NY 10010; or E-mail us at Spy Magaz@aol.com. Thank you in any case.

- On a scale of 1-10 (with 10 the spiffiest), how would you rate this issue?
- On a scale of 1-10, how much do you like the cover of this magazine?
- Which three were the most interesting/entertaining articles in "Naked City"?
A) Fine Print (p. 14)
B) Last One in the Pool's... (p.14)
C) Little Fella on Grassy Knoll (p.15)
D) Media Circus of the Stars (p. 16)
E) Papa's Got a Brand New Play (p. 18)
F) Barbeauians at the Gate (p. 20)
G) Separated at Birth (p. 20)
H) Beatles Reunion cartoon (p. 21)
I) To Coin a Phrase to Death (p. 24)
J) ...Hear You Say "Ouch!" (p.25)
K) So Which One Went to... (p. 26)
L) SPY List (p. 26)
M) Cartoon (p. 26)
N) Phil Stern's Hollywood (p. 27)
O) Out Damned Norton! (p. 28)
P) Celebrity Math (p. 28)
- On a scale of 1-10, how interesting/entertaining were the columns?
A) Magazine Heaven
B) Industry
B) New Age
C) Ethics, Inc.
D) Fear
- On a scale of 1-10, how interesting/entertaining were the features?
A) Hollywood Go Home!
B) *Seinfeld*-O-Matic
C) Oscar the Gimp
D) Failing Upwards
E) How to Be a Spy
- How many of the last issues of SPY did you read?
A) 1 B) 2 C) 3
D) 4 or more
- Where did you get this issue of SPY?
A) Subscription
B) Airport
C) Supermarket
D) Bookstore
E) Newsstand
F) Drugstore
G) Other _____
- Which three of the following subjects would you most like to see covered in SPY:
A) Movies/Entertainment
B) Politics
C) Business
D) Publishing
E) Crime/Investigative
F) Music
G) Other _____
- How often should SPY be published—A) bi-monthly or B) monthly?
- What is your gender? M / F
- What is your age group?
A) under 18 B) 18-24
C) 25-34 D) 35-44
E) 45-54 F) 55+
- Do you have any suggestions or comments?



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SWF I'm 36 & a personal trainer. I'm looking for an affectionate, romantic, single White male 30-40, must be a non-smoker & willing to have fun. Call Ext. 15320

SF 40's, energetic, non-smoker. I like dancing, reading, politics, skiing, skating & running. I'm looking for someone who is lively, fun, humorous, sexy & just a real good companion. Call Ext. 14919

SWF Seeking single White male who is energetic, loving, likes motorcycles & romantic evenings. Must be non-smoker. Call Ext. 14814

SF 36, Italian American, very attractive. Looking for my soul mate 35-45 with a sense of humor, personality and a good attitude towards life. Call Ext. 14726

SWM 35, honest, sincere, family oriented. Looking for a serious relationship. I enjoy the outdoors, biking, roller blading, taking long rides in the country and taking long walks on the beach. Looking for single female 26-35 for friendship & a serious relationship. Call Ext. 14210

SWM Employed 21, 5'8", black hair, brown eyes, 180 lbs. Love going to fancy restaurants, taking long walks, going to the movies, dancing, listening to music & just having fun. Looking for someone to be with. Call Ext. 15287

SM 6'2", 210 lbs., 39. Looking to have a good time with someone adventurous and who is willing to try anything. Call Ext. 15084

SWM 5'10", with black hair & hazel eyes. I'm college educated & self employed. I enjoy travelling, movies, theater & spending romantic evenings at home with someone special. First a friend. She should be 20-45, attractive & intelligent. Call Ext. 14956

SWM 33, 5'9", athletic, educated, with brown hair & eyes. I don't drink, smoke or do drugs. I'm looking for an attractive and nicely built female who enjoys many different things. Like shooting pool, dancing, comedy clubs, movies, hanging out in the city & having fun. Call Ext. 14834

MANHATTAN

SBF 42, 5'9", 165 lbs., a professional with brown eyes. I'm warm, sensitive & sincere. I'm interested in travelling, cultural events, the theater, reading, movies & spending quiet time at home. I'm interested in meeting a mature professional gentleman who is compassionate, communicates well, possesses a positive attitude & a good sense of adventure. Call Ext. 14775

SM I like a woman who is tall & blond. Someone who likes the arts. I like painting, playing the bass & doing fun things like that. Call Ext. 15432

SBM I'm 28 5'10", 175 lbs., muscular & considered very attractive in the eyes of most women. I'm looking for that special one. Someone who I can give my all to & who would be willing to give me her all. I can be very domestic, basically, I can be it all; your best friend & everything that a woman could want in a guy. Call Ext. 14991

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WM I'm 5'9", 180 lbs., with black hair, brown eyes & a mustache. I like animals & playing chess. If you like children, animals, quiet evenings at home, long walks & romance, I can give it to you. I'm looking for a woman 25-34, preferably with long hair. Call Ext. 817003

SBM 6'2", 27. Looking to chill with some young college brothers, 18-22. Masculine & athletic. Call Ext. 15405

NEW JERSEY-201 AREA CODE

SWF 31, 5'2", light brown hair, blue eyes. Looking for someone who is full of life like I am. Someone who doesn't mind hard work, but still has time for a lot of play. If you're anywhere between the ages of 25-40, leave a message. Call Ext. 15714

SF Looking to meet new people. Leave a message & we'll talk. Call Ext. 15650

SF 25, 5'6", 135 lbs., very attractive, brown hair & eyes. I am looking for a male who's sincere, honest, happy & outgoing. Ages 25-30. Call Ext. 15019

DF 36, Italian descent, employed. I have no children but I love kids & I'm sure that I'd make a good mother someday if that's what the future holds. I have long dark brown hair & eyes, 5'4". I'm intelligent, attractive, thoughtful, sincere & trustworthy. Hoping to meet a very special man who is strong, successful, emotionally & financially secure, sincere, considerate, open & honest. I find that I'm generally most attracted to dark featured men of a larger build but that's open, especially if you have a good heart & can make me laugh. Call Ext. 14819

SWF 22, 5'8", 125 lbs., have daughter. I don't know many people from my area and I'm looking for a relationship with someone. That person has to be very honest, very sincere & taller than me. Call Ext. 14601

SWM 26. In search of a young lady who's scanning these ads & has no intention on calling. Give it a shot, you might be surprised. Call Ext. 14750

SM Blonde hair, blue eyes. I like a girl who is funny & outgoing with a good personality who enjoys life, going for walks, going to the movies, dining out & having a good time. Call Ext. 14671

SWM Professional, 39, 5'8", medium build, somewhat attractive from what I've been told, good sense of humor. I'm very interested in music and the arts. I'm well established in my career. Looking to meet someone between the ages of 25-45 for good times & possibly a serious relationship. Call Ext. 15239

SWM I'm 25 & a professional. I'm looking for a woman 18-30, who is not only beautiful, but also intelligent. I love conversation, taking long walks during the summer, staying out all night, etc. I'm looking for a woman that is physically attractive, physically fit & into having a good time. Call Ext. 15001

SWM 29 years old, 6'1", attractive, in shape, with brown eyes & brown hair. I am intelligent & open minded. I like going to the movies, the theater. I enjoy cycling, travelling, the outdoors, music and dining out. I am looking for an attractive female who is sincere, to share good times with. Call Ext. 14823

PHILADELPHIA

SF 30, African American. Looking for an Anglo man 26-30 who is big & muscular. If you like movies, the theater, partying & having a good time, then give me a call. Call Ext. 15732

SF 18, 5'5", brown skin, brown eyes. Looking for someone to go out to have fun with, to go to the movies & chill with. I'm not interested in a serious relationship. Call Ext. 15747

DWF 33, 5'10", 110 lbs., dirty blonde hair, have two children. Looking for a man who is serious about a relationship, is financially secure & owns his own home. Someone attractive & between the ages of 35-40. Must love children. Call Ext. 15664

SF 19, attractive, 5'5", with long hair. I'm looking for a Black male 20-26, who is good looking and knows what he wants out of life. Call Ext. 14787

SM Interested in meeting a lady that is open minded, sincere, lovable, is full of humor, likes going out for dinners, going to museums & taking walks in the park. Someone I can get to know better and perhaps have a permanent relationship with. I'm in my 40's, very secure financially. I don't drink or smoke. Call Ext. 15274

SWM You could think of me as a Knight in Shining Armour. I'm in my upper 20's, a college graduate, handsome & 5'8". I like cuddling, honesty, deep conversation & classical music. I'm searching for a single female who likes romance, cuddling & long walks. You can basically say that I'm looking for my Princess so that I can sweep her off her feet. Call Ext. 15196

SBM 24, 5'7", 155 lbs., with caramel brown complexion. I love music, reading, videos, relaxing times at home with that special person & sports. I'm looking for a single Black, Hispanic or White female 18-29, for companionship or relationship. Slim to medium built women only. Call Ext. 816983

SM My wife & I are looking for an attractive White couple in their early 20's to mid 30's to share fun & great times with. I am 6'1", 175 lbs., have brown hair, green hazel eyes & well built. She is 5'7", 117 lbs., sandy brown hair, blue eyes & bi. Call Ext. 14470

MIAMI

SF I'm looking to meet a nice intelligent guy, 22-30 years of age. I'm 110 lbs., petite, with short brown hair & brown eyes. Call Ext. 816982

SWM I'm 30 125 lbs., 5'7", with dark brown hair & hazel eyes. My hobbies include horseback riding, art & music. I'm looking for a young attractive female, 21-35 who is interested in the same & not afraid to try new things. Call Ext. 25520

SWM I'm looking to meet a single White female 20-30. I'm 35, enjoy working out, 5'11", with blonde hair & blue eyes. I'm active, enjoy going to the beach, dining out & the movies. I have a stable full time job & have a steady income. Call Ext. 25512

SM Acrobat. Looking for someone to do acrobatics with me. If you are interested, please call me. Call Ext. 25392

SBM 19, very good looking. Looking for someone who is very intelligent & also very good looking & discreet. Call Ext. 25462

SBM Looking for either a bi female or one or more females. If you're interested, leave a message. Call Ext. 25366

CHICAGO

DF Mother of two, 31. I love to have a good time, go out & watch movies. I'm very outgoing & think that I have a great sense of humor. I would love the chance to meet someone who is interested in the things that I am. Call Ext. 32456

SF I think that this is the ad for you. I'm 5'6", 120 lbs., with long brown hair & brown eyes. I hope that you will respond if you are 18-32, not over weight & not liberal. Call Ext. 32522

SM 5'9", medium build, 20, very outgoing & fun to be with. Age or race is unimportant to me. Leave a message. Call Ext. 32400

SM I'm 38, 5'9", 180 lbs., attractive & a professional. I'm seeking a single White female for dining out, long walks and romantic evenings. I am looking for a long term, monogamous relationship. Honesty & sincerity are the most important qualities. Fitness & attractiveness are also wonderful assets. Children are ok. Call Ext. 32152

SWM 21, blonde hair, blue eyes. Looking to fall in love with a woman 18-24. Call Ext. 32046

SF 24, bi-racial. Looking for someone to share friendship with & then a long term relationship with. Looking for someone my age or older. I'm also interested in meeting Black women. Call Ext. 32822

LOS ANGELES-213 AREA CODE

SF 18. Looking for a nice guy, 18-25 who knows how to treat a woman. I prefer Black men. I'm very open minded & enjoy reading & writing. I'm interested in successful gentleman. Call Ext. 78608

SF I'm looking for I guess what a person might think would be Prince Charming. The only difference is that I don't really care whether or not he's a millionaire who lavishes me with gifts. I care most about the word charming. I want a person who's loving & understanding. A person who has values & morals & has respect for himself as well as respect for the person he chooses to be with. I want a person who wants to be with me. Most people refer to me as Mary Poppins because I really love children. I don't have children of my own. I'm 33, looking for someone mature. I'm intelligent, hard working & beautiful. Call Ext. 78383

SBF Tall, have great sense of humor. I enjoy traveling, movies, love pets & long walks on the beach. Would like to meet a single, attractive man not looking to play games. Age 35-50. Race unimportant. Lets have coffee & see what develops. Call Ext. 78395

SBF 24, independent & a college graduate. I'm seeking a Black male 27-35, who is independent, knows what he wants & is very down to earth. I enjoy swimming, skating & walking on the beach. Call Ext. 77951

SF 32, 5'3, 125 lbs. Looking for someone who likes going out, having fun, going to clubs, partying & has a sense of humor. Call Ext. 77891

SF Looking for someone that I can have a nice time with. I like to go to parties, like to go out, go to the movies & have fun. I would like to have a nice relationship with someone my own age. Call Ext. 77876

SF 21. Looking for someone who is outgoing, who will be there for me, someone I can talk to. Not someone to depend on but someone I can count on. I'll do the same. Would like to meet a male 21-25. Call Ext. 77777

SM Relatively new to L.A. area, have blue eyes, brown blonde hair. Looking for someone who is creative, loves animals, going out & appreciates quiet moments as well. Call Ext. 78322

SM 22, very outgoing, attend college. Looking for a slightly older woman who is adventurous & likes a younger man. I'm good looking. Call Ext. 78701

SM I'm a very nice & handsome young man. I would like to meet a nice & attractive young woman. I'm intellectual, athletic & spiritually inclined. I'm looking for a female who likes to party, go places, spend money, be wined & dined. Call Ext. 78110

SM 150-160lbs, college student. Looking for a female, 18-25 that likes to go to the beach, have long talks. Hope to meet a young lady that is also in school. Call Ext. 78301

SM Early 30's but get accused of being much younger. I'm 5'7", brown hair & eyes. I spend my spare time involved in competitive sports. I'm tired of meeting stereotypes in bars. Looking for someone I've always known but never met. I do like physical beauty but definitely without an ego. I strongly believe beauty comes from within & the eyes are the window of the soul. I'm very gentle & looking for the same. Call Ext. 78111

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SM 6', handsome (but you can be the judge of that), old fashioned. I believe in treating a woman like a queen. I'm spontaneous. Looking to meet that someone special to share my time on earth with & give everything that she wants or needs. I am a professional. Call Ext. 77960

SM 30's, long hair, 90's swashbuckler, goatee type. Looking for a cool, petite, blues babe. Let the good times roll. Call Ext. 77899

LOS ANGELES-310 AREA CODE

OLDER SEEKS YOUNGER. SHF. I'm a professional in my 30's. I've never been married & have no dependents. I'm affectionate, sensual, playful, verbal & nurturing, with a sense of humor. I'm searching for a man who wants to be with a woman who is a little older & knows what he wants. You must be fit, highly educated, intelligent & successful. You must be a single or divorced Asian, Hispanic, Jewish or White male 28-36, 5'9" plus in height, with no dependents. I'm looking for someone who is verbal, sensitive, gentle, loyal & very passionate, for a monogamous relationship, possibly leading to marriage. No smokers, heavy drinkers or drug users. Call Ext. 78635

SBF I'm thirty-something & 108lbs. of dynamite. I'm looking for professional men of excellent taste & decorum. You must be clean cut, physically fit, intelligent & have a great sense of humor. A non-smoker who loves golfing, horses, & tennis. Continental man preferred, domestic is acceptable. Please respond if you are sincere about being treated with tender loving care. Call Ext. 78235

SWF Playful, 5'7" 40. Do you love the ocean, adventure, spontaneity & romance? I am looking for a committed partner for discovering good food, travel, boating & the enjoyment of life. I'm in search of a single divorced White male, fit, non-smoker, has a great sense of humor, is financially & emotionally secure, ages 35-52. A man who knows how to treat a lady. Call Ext. 78097

SF I like all types of things: books, movies, sports, the ocean, the mountains, skiing & hiking. I have a good heart & would like to meet someone with the same & with similar interests. A Jewish male, 31-36, educated, wise & sensitive. Call Ext. 78517

SWF Cute, blonde & brainy. I'm window shopping for a boyfriend. If you're nice, smart guy, 34-44, let's hang out & see what happens. Call Ext. 77833

SM New in town, 27, 5'10", 150lbs., educated, have a bachelors degree. Looking for attractive, educated & responsible woman of any race, 25-35, non-smoker, non-drinker & a non drug user for a serious relationship. Call Ext. 78330

SBM I'm a business owner, 31, athletic build, 6'2", 230lbs. Like reading, going to museums. Just looking for someone who's honest. If you are good woman please respond. Call Ext. 78328

SM 37. I like to have fun, go places, movies, go to clubs & concerts. Looking for a friend to just talk to & maybe get involved with. Call Ext. 77986

SM 29, 6', humble person. I love to see a woman smile. If I can make you happy then I know I will be happy. Looking for a woman 21-26, 130lbs., nice personality. Someone who's looking for a man who will treat her right. Call Ext. 77874

HOT & HANDSOME SWM 30 6' 180 lbs., physically fit, very attractive, secure & a professional. Looking for the same. Please call. Call Ext. 78316

SAN DIEGO

SF New to area. Looking for a very handsome, fun loving White male for fun & getting familiar with the area. Call Ext. 78454

SF Almost 21, very energetic, extremely outgoing, intelligent. Into just about everything. I'm willing to try anything. I'm interested in someone the same. Call Ext. 78378

SBF 32, 5'4", full figured. I work in the medical field & have two small children. I enjoy most any types of music, depending on my mood. Looking for a White or Black male, 35 plus. I'm down to earth, quiet, a non-drinker, non-smoker & drug free. Prefer someone who is also drug free, non-smoker & social to non-drinker. I like going to the beach, camping, taking walks, etc. Call Ext. 78511

SF Professional, 5'2", non-smoker, brown hair & eyes. I love animals, working out, dancing, movies, men in uniform-including law enforcement. Looking for someone with similar interests. Ages 30-50, race unimportant. Call Ext. 78304

SWF Cute, funny, 19 almost 20. Love to laugh, smile & have a good time. Looking for a man 5'11" & up. No too skinny, I like meat on your bones. Call Ext. 78184

SM I'm 23, 6' tall & 175 lbs. Looking for a woman 20-25 years old. I like to surf, the beach & trying new things. Call Ext. 78506

SM Simple romantic, 5'8", 165 lbs., athletic build. Want to meet the right woman, approximately 5'5"4", slim & attractive. Someone who enjoys the simple things in life such as a romantic dinner, walks on the beach or just sitting in front of a fire for conversation. Call Ext. 78192

SM 28 Firefighter in North County area, 5'10", blonde hair, blue eyes, 170 lbs., medium build. I like dancing, learning to play the piano, camping, off roading & travelling. I'm open to new things. I prefer someone who is educated or is really assertive & plans on going somewhere in life, i.e., motivated. I'd like someone that is soft & caring, who is open to new things, likes to explore & be adventurous. Call Ext. 78036

SM 35, new to area, electrical engineer. I like to ride bikes, dance, the outdoors & romance. Looking for a woman 30-40, to start a friendship with. Call Ext. 78085

SM Artist & a musician. I am very active in the arts field. I am starting my own business. I'm having a hard time meeting someone who's very respectable, a nice lady, good looking fit & trim. I am very attractive, about 6', medium build, 170 lbs., shoulder length hair, blue eyes. I am looking to meet someone who inspires me as I will inspire her. I do enjoy treating a lady nicely. Friendship first. Call Ext. 77847

SWM 26 years old, 6', 185 lbs., with long hair that's thinning, conservative. I enjoy history, thrash music, quiet times at home, movies, dining & going out. I am looking for an average to good looking, affectionate, sweet, nice single White female who is 23-31. Call Ext. 77867

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Party Poop





7



1 Is the Gore family expecting the pitter-patter of little feet?

2 Art lover Bob Guccione shields his prized toupee from the hazardous gusts of a ceiling fan.

3 Separated-at-birth—live! Sci-fi actor Patrick Stewart and Indian impersonator Ben Kingsley yak it up.

4 To demonstrate her phenomenal upper body strength, Cindy Crawford prepares to remove the head of a small boy with her bare hands.

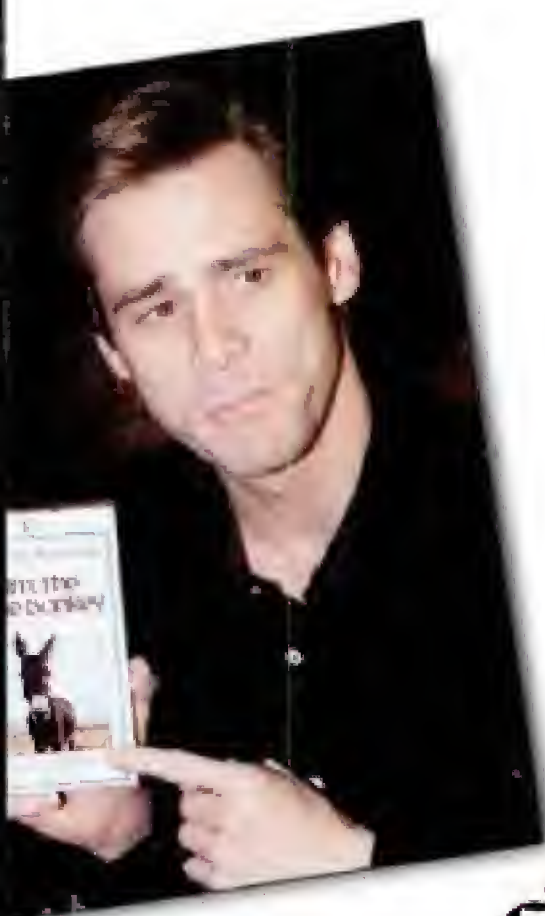
5 Thespian Jim Carrey gives fans a sneak preview of his next starring role.

6 & 7 It's a gal-a-minute for ultra-hetero man-about-town James Truman.

8 An envious Magic Johnson watches the the 3-D Imax version of Wilt Chamberlain's home movies.

9 Sarah Ferguson does her impression of the vacuous English aristocracy.

10 Bonny Prince Charlie shows his best gelding etiquette.



5



6



4



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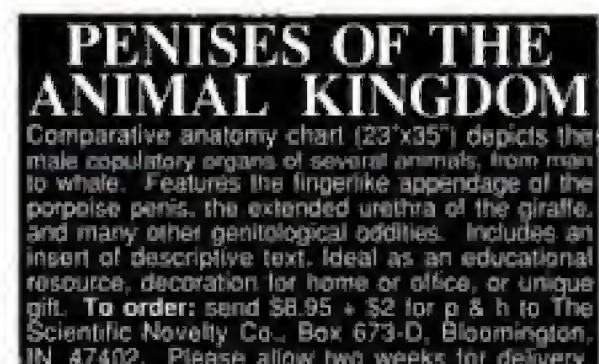
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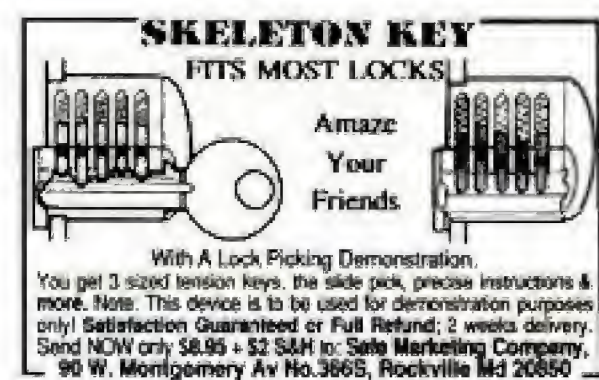


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By Dane Spotts



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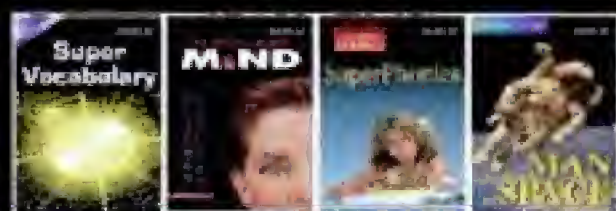


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